

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal  
CONDUCTED BY  
**CHARLES DICKENS**  
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 583. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1880. PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE DUKE'S CHILDREN.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXXII. MISS BONCASSEN'S RIVER-PARTY. NO. II.

LORD SILVERBRIDGE made up his mind that as he could not dance with Miss Boncassen he would not dance at all. He was not angry at being rejected, and when he saw her stand up with Dolly Longstaff he felt no jealousy. She had refused to dance with him, not because she did not like him, but because she did not wish to show that she liked him. He could understand that, though he had not quite followed all the ins and outs of her little accusations against him. She had flattered him—without any intention of flattery on her part. She had spoken of his intelligence and had complained that he had been too sharp to her. Mabel Grex when most sweet to him, when most loving, always made him feel that he was her inferior. She took no trouble to hide her conviction of his youthfulness. This was anything but flattering. Miss Boncassen, on the other hand, professed herself to be almost afraid of him.

"There shall be no tomfoolery of love-making," she had said. But what if it were not tomfoolery at all? What if it were good, genuine, earnest love-making? He certainly was not pledged to Lady Mabel. As regarded his father there would be a difficulty. In the first place he had been fool enough to tell his father that he was going to make an offer to Mabel Grex. And then his father would surely refuse his consent to a marriage with an American stranger. In such case there would be no unlimited income, no immediate pleasant-

ness of magnificent life, such as he knew would be poured out upon him if he were to marry Mabel Grex. As he thought of this, however, he told himself that he would not sell himself for money and magnificence. He could afford to be independent, and to gratify his own taste. Just at this moment he was of opinion that Isabel Boncassen would be the sweeter companion of the two.

He had sauntered down to the place where they were dancing, and stood by, saying a few words to Mrs. Boncassen. "Why are you not dancing, my lord?" she asked.

"There are enough without me."

"I guess you young aristocrats are never over-fond of doing much with your own arms and legs."

"I don't know about that; polo, you know, for the legs, and lawn-tennis for the arms, is hard work enough."

"But it must always be something new-fangled; and after all it isn't of much account. Our young men like to have quite a time at dancing."

It all came through her nose! And she looked so common! What would the duke say to her, or Mary, or even Gerald? The father was by no means so objectionable. He was a tall, straight, ungainly man, who always wore black clothes. He had dark, stiff, short hair, a long nose, and a forehead that was both high and broad. Ezekiel Boncassen was the very man—from his appearance—for a President of the United States; and there were men who talked of him for that high office. That he had never attended to politics was supposed to be in his favour. He had the reputation of being the most learned man in the States, and reputation

itself often suffices to give a man dignity of manner. He, too, spoke through his nose, but the peculiar twang coming from a man would be supposed to be virile and incisive. From a woman, Lord Silverbridge thought it to be unbearable. But as to Isabel, had she been born within the confines of some lordly park in Hertfordshire, she could not have been more completely free from the abomination.

"I am sorry that you should not be enjoying yourself," said Mr. Boncassen, coming to his wife's relief.

"Nothing could have been nicer. To tell the truth, I am standing idle by way of showing my anger against your daughter who would not dance with me."

"I am sure she would have felt herself honoured," said Mr. Boncassen.

"Who is the gentleman with her?" asked the mother.

"A particular friend of mine—Dolly Longstaff."

"Dolly!" ejaculated Mrs. Boncassen.

"Everybody calls him so. His real name I believe to be Adolphus."

"Is he—is he—just anybody?" asked the anxious mother.

"He is a very great deal—as people go here. Everybody knows him. He is asked everywhere, but he goes nowhere. The greatest compliment paid to you here is his presence."

"Nay, my lord, there are the Countess Montague, and the Marchioness of Capulet, and Lord Tybalt, and——"

"They go everywhere. They are nobodies. It is a charity to even invite them. But to have had Dolly Longstaff once is a triumph for life."

"Laws!" said Mrs. Boncassen, looking hard at the young man who was dancing. "What has he done?"

"He never did anything in his life."

"I suppose he's very rich?"

"I don't know. I should think not. I don't know anything about his riches, but I can assure you that having had him down here will quite give a character to the day."

In the meantime Dolly Longstaff was in a state of great excitement. Some part of the character assigned to him by Lord Silverbridge was true. He very rarely did go anywhere, and yet was asked to a great many places. He was a young man—though not a very young man—with a fortune of his own and the expectation of a future fortune. Few men living could have done less for the world than Dolly Longstaff—and yet he had a position of

his own. Now he had taken it into his head to fall in love with Miss Boncassen. This was an accident which had probably never happened to him before, and which had disturbed him much. He had known Miss Boncassen a week or two before Lord Silverbridge had seen her, having by some chance dined out and sat next to her. From that moment he had become changed, and had gone hither and thither in pursuit of the American beauty. His passion, having become suspected by his companions, had excited their ridicule. Nevertheless he had persevered—and now he was absolutely dancing with the lady out in the open air. "If this goes on, your friends will have to look after you and put you somewhere," Mr. Lupton had said to him in one of the intervals of the dance. Dolly had turned round and scowled, and suggested that if Mr. Lupton would mind his own affairs it would be as well for the world at large.

At the present crisis Dolly was very much excited. When the dance was over, as a matter of course he offered the lady his arm, and as a matter of course she accepted it. "You'll take a turn; won't you?" he said.

"It must be a very short turn," she said, "as I am expected to make myself busy."

"Oh, bother that."

"It bothers me; but it has to be done."

"You have set everything going now. They'll begin dancing again without your telling them."

"I hope so."

"And I've got something I want to say."

"Dear me; what is it?"

They were now on a path close to the riverside, in which there were many loungers. "Would you mind coming up to the temple?" he said.

"What temple?"

"Oh, such a beautiful place. The Temple of the Winds, I think they call it, or Venus—or—Mrs. Arthur de Bever."

"Was she a goddess?"

"It is something built to her memory. Such a view of the river! I was here once before, and they took me up there. Everybody who comes here goes and sees Mrs. Arthur de Bever. They ought to have told you."

"Let us go then," said Miss Boncassen.

"Only it must not be long."

"Five minutes will do it all." Then he walked rather quickly up a flight of rural steps. "Lovely spot; isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed."

"That's Maidenhead Bridge—that's—somebody's place; and now I've got something to say to you."

"You're not going to murder me now you've got me up here alone," said Miss Boncassen, laughing.

"Murder you!" said Dolly, throwing himself into an attitude that was intended to express devoted affection. "Oh, no!"

"I am glad of that."

"Miss Boncassen!"

"Mr. Longstaff! If you sigh like that you'll burst yourself."

"I'll—what?"

"Burst yourself!" And she nodded her head at him.

Then he clapped his hands together, and turned his head away from her towards the little temple. "I wonder whether she knows what love is," he said, as though he were addressing himself to Mrs. Arthur de Bever.

"No, she don't," said Miss Boncassen.

"But I do," he shouted, turning back towards her. "I do; if any man were ever absolutely, actually, really in love, I am the man."

"Are you indeed, Mr. Longstaff? Isn't it pleasant?"

"Pleasant—pleasant? Oh, it could be so pleasant."

"But who is the lady? Perhaps you don't mean to tell me that."

"You mean to say you don't know?"

"Haven't the least idea in life."

"Let me tell you then that it could only be one person. It never was but one person. It never could have been but one person. It is you." Then he put his hand well on his heart.

"Me!" said Miss Boncassen, choosing to be ungrammatical in order that he might be more absurd.

"Of course it is you. Do you think that I should have brought you all the way up here to tell you that I was in love with anybody else?"

"I thought I was brought to see Mrs. de Somebody, and the view."

"Not at all," said Dolly emphatically.

"Then you have deceived me."

"I will never deceive you. Only say that you will love me, and I will be as true to you as the North Pole."

"Is that true to me?"

"You know what I mean."

"But if I don't love you?"

"Yes, you do!"

"Do I?"

"I beg your pardon," said Dolly. "I didn't mean to say that. Of course a man shouldn't make sure of a thing."

"Not in this case, Mr. Longstaff; because really I entertain no such feeling."

"But you can if you please. Just let me tell you who I am."

"That will do no good whatever, Mr. Longstaff."

"Let me tell you, at any rate. I have a very good income of my own as it is."

"Money can have nothing to do with it."

"But I want you to know that I can afford it. You might perhaps have thought that I wanted your money."

"I will attribute nothing evil to you, Mr. Longstaff. Only it is quite out of the question that I should respond as I suppose you wish me to; and therefore, pray, do not say anything further."

She went to the head of the little steps, but he interrupted her. "You ought to hear me," he said.

"I have heard you."

"I can give you as good a position as any man without a title in England."

"Mr. Longstaff, I rather fancy that wherever I may be I can make a position for myself. At any rate I shall not marry with the view of getting one. If my husband were an English duke I should think myself nothing, unless I was something as Isabel Boncassen."

When she said this she did not bethink herself that Lord Silverbridge would in the course of nature become an English duke. But the allusion to an English duke told intensely on Dolly, who had suspected that he had a noble rival. "English dukes aren't so easily got," he said.

"Very likely not. I might have expressed my meaning better had I said an English prince."

"That's quite out of the question," said Dolly. "They can't do it—by Act of Parliament—except in a hagger-mugger left-handed way, that wouldn't suit you at all."

"Mr. Longstaff—you must forgive me—if I say—that of all the gentlemen—I have ever met in this country or in any other—you are the—most obtuse." This she brought out in little disjointed sentences, not with any hesitation, but in a way to make every word she uttered more clear to an intelligence which she did not believe to be bright. But in this belief she did some injustice to Dolly. He was quite alive to the disgrace of being called

obtuse, and quick enough to avenge himself at the moment.

"Am I?" said he. "How humble-minded you must be when you think me a fool because I have fallen in love with such a one as yourself."

"I like you for that," she replied, laughing, "and withdraw the epithet as not being applicable. Now we are quits, and can forget and forgive—only let there be the forgetting."

"Never!" said Dolly, with his hand again on his heart.

"Then let it be a little dream of your youth—that you once met a pretty American girl who was foolish enough to refuse all that you would have given her."

"So pretty! So awfully pretty!" Thereupon she curtsied. "I have seen all the handsome women going in England for the last ten years, and there has not been one who has made me think that it would be worth my while to get off my perch for her."

"And now you would desert your perch for me!"

"I have already."

"But you can get up again. Let it be all a dream. I know men like to have had such dreams. And in order that the dream may be pleasant the last word between us shall be kind. Such admiration from such a one as you is an honour—and I will reckon it among my honours. But it can be no more than a dream." Then she gave him her hand. "It shall be so—shall it not?" Then she paused. "It must be so, Mr. Longstaff."

"Must it?"

"That and no more. Now I wish to go down. Will you come with me? It will be better. Don't you think it is going to rain?"

Dolly looked up at the clouds. "I wish it would with all my heart."

"I know you are not so ill-natured. It would spoil all."

"You have spoiled all."

"No, no. I have spoiled nothing. It will only be a little dream about 'that strange American girl, who really did make me feel queer for half an hour.' Look at that. A great big drop, and the cloud has come over us as black as Erebus. Do hurry down." He was leading the way. "What shall we do for carriages to get us to the inn?"

"There's the summer-house."

"It will hold about half of us. And think what it will be to be in there waiting

till the rain shall be over! Everybody has been so good-humoured and now they will be so cross!"

The rain was falling in big heavy drops, slow and far between, but almost black with their size. And the heaviness of the cloud which had gathered over them made everything black.

"Will you have my arm?" said Silverbridge, who saw Miss Boncassen scudding along, with Dolly Longstaff following as fast as he could.

"Oh, dear, no. I have got to mind my dress. There; I have gone right into a puddle. Oh, dear!" So she ran on, and Silverbridge followed close behind her, leaving Dolly Longstaff in the distance.

It was not only Miss Boncassen who got her feet into a puddle and splashed her stockings. Many did so who were not obliged by their position to maintain good-humour under their misfortunes. The storm had come on with such unexpected quickness that there had been a general stampede to the summer-house. As Isabel had said, there was comfortable room for not more than half of them. In a few minutes people were crushed who never ought to be crushed. A countess, for whom treble-piled sofas were hardly good enough, was seated on the corner of a table till some younger and less gorgeous lady could be made to give way. And the marchioness was declaring she was as wet through as though she had been dragged in a river. Mrs. Boncassen was so absolutely quelled as to have retired into the kitchen attached to the summer-house. Mr. Boncassen, with all his country's pluck and pride, was proving to a knot of gentlemen round him on the verandah, that such treachery in the weather was a thing unknown in his happier country. Miss Boncassen had to do her best to console the splashed ladies. "Oh, Mrs. Jones, is it not a pity! What can I do for you?"

"We must bear it, my dear. It often does rain, but why this special day should it come down out of buckets?"

"I never was so wet in all my life," said Dolly Longstaff, poking in his head.

"There's somebody smoking," said the countess angrily. There was a crowd of men smoking out on the verandah. "I never knew anything so nasty," the countess continued, leaving it in doubt whether she spoke of the rain, or the smoke, or the party generally. Damp gauzes, splashed stockings, trampled muslins, and features which have perhaps



known something of rouge and certainly encountered something of rain, can only, by supreme high breeding, be made compatible with good humour. To be moist, muddy, rumpled, and smeared, when by the very nature of your position it is your duty to be clear-starched up to the pellucidity of crystal, to be spotless as the lily, to be crisp as the ivy-leaf, and as clear in complexion as a rose—is it not, oh, gentle readers, felt to be a disgrace? It came to pass, therefore, that many were now very cross. Carriages were ordered under the idea that some improvement might be made at the inn which was nearly a mile distant. Very few, however, had their own carriages, and there was jockeying for the vehicles. In the midst of all this Silverbridge remained as near to Miss Boncassen as circumstances would admit. "You are not waiting for me," she said.

"Yes, I am. We might as well go up to town together."

"Leave me with father and mother. Like the captain of a ship, I must be the last to leave the wreck."

"But I'll be the gallant sailor of the day who always at the risk of his life sticks to the skipper to the last moment."

"Not at all; just because there will be no gallantry. But come and see us to-morrow and find out whether we have got through it alive."

#### A ROYAL TRAIN.

THERE may be no royal road to learning, albeit there is no general agreement upon that subject; but the idea of a "royal road" has lost none of its strength in latter days. When ancient royalty travelled there was much fuss, uproar, and turmoil. If it pleased His Majesty King Charles the Second of jovial memory to ride to Newmarket or other place of joyous resort, there was a person called a "harbinger" who went before his royal person—an avant-courier, in short—who, after the manner subsisting in oriental countries even to this day, cleared the way and requisitioned suitable lodging and food for his master and his attendants. The sovereign does not now ride along tracks more resembling sloughs than roads, nor drive in a right royal carriage, with six or eight animals to draw the same. There are people yet living who can recollect the royal carriages and post horses, with the red-

coated outriders, which conveyed the august person of the sovereign from London to Windsor and back in the remote period when the collars of men's coats grew up behind their backs into a kind of Gothic arch, and nearly all the material of a lady's dress was put into the leg-of-mutton sleeves. The harbinger appears to have departed, and the very name of "outrider" is—in America, at least—applied to a postillion, instead of to the purely ornamental riders who keep pace with the leaders and the coach-door. Not one "young person," of the age intended by the statute, in a thousand could give the faintest idea of what a "running footman" once was, and the work of that functionary is as mysterious to this generation as that of the bygone Clerk of the Pipe or Teller of the Exchequer. Royalty no longer travels along the Queen's highway, but upon the roads owned by the greatest of monopolists since John Company died, the railway companies. One of these maintains an actual royal line for the convenience of the royal family alone, but the majority confine their attentions to the Court to a perfect performance of the duties assumed to be discharged towards all travellers. In the case of the Queen herself, some additional precautions are invariably, and in the case of the rest of the royal family, generally, observed. One of these is the pilot-engine—a species of modern harbinger. Before the Queen's train, at a distance of eleven or twelve miles, runs a pilot-engine, to make sure that the coast is clear. It is well known that the line has been cleared, but this harbinger engine has to make certain that it is actually clear at the required moment. The pilot-engine, like that which draws the royal carriages, is always one of the best and newest in the possession of the company, and is in the hands of an experienced driver. One of the Queen's journeys from her more permanent residence in Scotland to Windsor, dismissed in two or three lines of newspaper paragraph, is really a serious matter, involving much care, forethought, faculty of arrangement, and printing ink. No sooner is it decided that the Sovereign will for a short while abandon the quiet Scotch country-house at Balmoral for the regal state at Windsor, than active brains go to work to organise what is almost the plan of a campaign. The hour at which the Queen chooses to start having been signified by her private secretary, the various com-

panies interested at once proceed to make their arrangements, each being responsible for carrying out the arrangements for the royal train with safety and punctuality over its own line. As a rule, the royal saloon and carriages for this long journey are provided by the London and North-Western Company. It would require the pen of a descriptive upholsterer to do full justice to the perfect appointment of the royal train. There are, of course, the private saloons and retiring-rooms for the Queen herself, and like bestowal for her suite; the compartments being perhaps rather comfortably than gorgeously fitted and decorated. It is well recognised on the iron road that queens do not travel about with their crowns and coronation robes on; and that comfort, speed, and safety are of more consequence than grandeur. A royal train is therefore specially constructed for the use of the Queen and other august personages, the chief distinction between Her Majesty and the latter being they have, except by special request, no pilot-engine.

When the Queen travels from Balmoral, or rather Ballater, to Windsor, the route lies by Aberdeen, Carlisle, and Bushbury Junction. The royal train belonging to the London and North Western Company is fitted with a patent break, and there is electric communication between each carriage and the guard and driver. All being ready at Ballater Station, the train being made up, as it is called, and a locomotive engineer being in attendance, in addition to the driver and stoker, those functionaries arrive whose duty it is to receive the Queen. At Windsor it is one of the most important duties of the mayor to receive Her Majesty at the railway-station, but at other places the chairman, or two or three directors of the line, and the district manager, form the committee of reception, and one at least of these magnates travels in the royal train said to be in his "charge," though what he does by the way is not obvious. The train being ready, the royal trunks and wraps are disposed in it, and at the last moment, but with unerring punctuality, the Queen arrives, is duly ushered to her saloon, and the train moves instantly on its way after the pilot-engine, which has taken good "law" of it. It is a favourite theory of railway companies that, bating the pilot-engine and the saloon carriages, a royal train is no more than any other train worked on

what is called the block system; that is, that no section of the line is entered upon until it is signalled clear to the other end. If nobody ever blundered, this system of dividing the road into sections of ten or twenty miles each, not to be entered till declared clear, would make accident by collision impossible; but unfortunately blunders will occur, and hence the necessity for a pilot-engine. The pilot-engine which precedes the Queen from Carlisle to Bushbury Junction, does so at a very great interval—no less than fifteen minutes—a space of time equal to about eleven or twelve miles at the average rate of royal trains. It has been proposed more than once to run the pilot closer to the train, but it would hardly be well to bring it too close. With modern brakes it is much easier to stop a train running at forty-five miles an hour than it was of old; but still, with a pilot skirmishing just ahead arises the awkward possibility of the pilot coming to grief, and the train dashing into it. Trains, however, can now be stopped within the space of a quarter of a mile, and it would seem that a shorter interval than twelve miles might not only suffice but actually make assurance still surer. Those experienced in royal trains, however, are firm upon the fifteen minutes margin. Not only does the pilot leave Carlisle so much before the royal train, but precedes it all the way to Bushbury at that interval, which is ordered to be "uniformly maintained during the journey." A guard, supplied with a hand-lamp and fog-signals, is mounted on the pilot-engine with the driver and stoker.

To avoid all possibility, not, as railway directors say, of accident, but delay, the line is cleared half an hour before the time at which royalty passes. The orders are precise to the effect that at that interval before the time set down for the passing of the royal train, every engine, train, and vehicle must be clear of, and not allowed to proceed upon, or cross, the main line, excepting only the pilot, and all shunting operations on the lines adjoining the up main line from Carlisle to Bushbury are suspended. There is, however, one danger not provided for by all these regulations, and that is the possibility of a goods train running off the rails of the down line and encumbering the royal road between the passing of the pilot and that of the train. Hence no light engines or trains, except passenger trains,

are allowed to travel between any two stations on the down line from the time the pilot is due to pass until the royal train itself has passed on the up line. Between Crewe and Stafford, where there are four lines of rails, all goods trains travelling on the up or down lines are brought to a stand fifteen minutes before the royal train is due. The down goods trains are kept stationary until the royal train has passed, and the up goods trains are not allowed to proceed until an interval of fifteen minutes has elapsed. Another precaution is taken, with a view presumably of preventing a goods train or a runaway engine from catching up and smashing into the royal vehicles. Danger signals are exhibited at stations and junctions for exactly fifteen minutes after the passing of the royal train, and no engine or train intending to travel on the up line is allowed to leave a station or siding until full fifteen minutes after the royal train passes. Moreover, the facing-points over which the pilot and royal train pass are carefully looked to and securely bolted, and all level crossings, farm crossings, and stations, are carefully guarded to prevent trespassers. As the train shoots past these, men stationed along the line appear, almost like a regiment in very open order, so many are they. Gates of level crossings, where there are no gatekeepers, are locked, and platelayers are on guard to prevent impediment at the road crossings. The carriages are specially examined and greased at every stopping-place, and in addition to the ordinary staff of picked engine-men and guards, competent telegraph-men are in the train, with apparatus to establish connection at any point. There is a "look-out man" on the engine tender of the royal train, keeping his face towards the rear of the train, so as to observe any signal that may be given. There is a guard in the front van, keeping his face towards the rear of the train on the look-out for signals, and the train is accompanied by a detachment of fitters, lampmen, and greasers. It is needless to add that as the trip extends through the night the public are not admitted to the stations south of Perth, that the railway servants do their work on the platforms without noise, and that no cheering or other demonstration is allowed; the object being that the Queen may be perfectly undisturbed, and enjoy complete privacy and every comfort save that of dining on wheels. Silently, but very

comfortably, the royal train spins along at a somewhat slower rate than that excellent train the Flying Scotchman.

Leaving Ballater at two p.m., the train, stopping only at Aberdeen and Bridge of Dun, reaches Perth at seven minutes past seven, and there is a halt of fifty-five minutes for the Queen to dine. At a quarter before midnight Carlisle is made, and a further halt of twenty minutes is made for tea, and then without further delay to Bushbury Junction, near to Wolverhampton, where the Great Western Company put on their engines in the place of those of the North-Western. From Bushbury Junction the route lies by Leamington, Oxford, Reading, Twyford, and Slough to Windsor, where the train arrives at ten minutes before nine in the morning; the journey of five hundred and ninety-one and a half miles having been accomplished in eighteen hours and fifty minutes, or deducting two hours and five minutes for stoppages, in sixteen hours and three-quarters. The Mayor of Windsor is there, cold as the morning is, shivering in the little railway-station, and no doubt is glad enough to get home to breakfast and a comfortable snooze by his library fire.

The above is the plain unvarnished narrative of a royal progress in these latter days from one end of royalty's British domains almost to the other. There is nothing even in the rate of speed to excite the imagination of persons who, like the writer, have been from London to Dover in an hour and forty minutes, and who have sped home from Epsom on the Derby and Oaks days with a crowd of royalties, highnesses, and serene transparencies in the smoking of a brace of cigarettes, despite the wonderful pressure put upon the railway folk. There is little to excite wonder in the long night journeys performed by the Sovereign; their great merit consists in the punctuality and neatness with which they are planned, permitting neither loss of sleep nor of time. Despatches are taken on board at the stopping-places, so that not even for the afternoon during which she is travelling southward is the Queen kept without perfect knowledge of public business, which is transacted as well in a railway saloon as in Her Majesty's own room at Windsor, or in the tent on summer days at Balmoral or at Osborne. Everything is calculated with regard to economy of time, and the desired result is completely achieved. From start to finish these

journeys are conducted in a spirit of pure business. They are swift and silent, wasting neither day nor night, and like most of the work under the actual superintendence of the Queen, are eminently well performed.

There are, however, other royal trains than these contrivances for moving without fatigue or loss of time. There are pleasure trains, such as those which whisk the "young court," as it is called, to Epsom, Ascot, and Newmarket; and there are other trains to assist in the transaction of business at once joyful and serious. On such a train the writer rode, now nearly a year ago, to Queenborough, to take part in the reception of the fair young bride elect of the Duke of Connaught. We started quietly enough from the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Station at Victoria, carrying the bridegroom with us. As we neared Queenborough, however, there were not merely the everlasting men standing like human milestones along the line, but the milestones acted as banner bearers, and every rabbit-hutch by the railway side put on a gay holiday air. As we passed the little Queenborough station we were received with such cheers as to arouse a desire to bow from the window of the elegantly-appointed saloon we were seated in, and then we rushed along the pier into a sort of highly-decorated conservatory, which had apparently hoisted its colours, and wandered down that long and dreary-looking but especially convenient pier of Queenborough. What cheering there was as the bridegroom alighted, looking very smart in his closely-buttoned frock-coat, with a flower in the buttonhole! And the ladies, assembled in great strength and beauty at the end of the pier, waved their handkerchiefs as they saw him hold in his hand a bouquet of choice flowers; and one or two ancient dowagers said how different it all was from the account their fathers had given them of the meeting of the young man's uncle and his hapless bride Caroline, the cause at her time of much noise and blackguardism, but of little genuine love or heartfelt sorrow, poor soul! But there was no shadow of evil life over the young bachelor, who sang out gaily in the German tongue to his friends and cousins on board the steamer just coming alongside. Then the bride appeared, clad in velvet and fur, her fair young face flushed by the keen biting air, which swept past under one of those

particularly bright and unspeakably treacherous March suns which help the physician to so many fees. It was indeed a merry time and a pleasant sight to see the bridegroom dutifully salute the Red Princess, his mother-in-law-to-be, and present her with a bouquet, and then turn gaily to his bride. There was more music and shouting, and the corporation of Queenborough spoke at some length, the prince made a suitable reply, and we all climbed into the royal train once more, and rolled off the pier amid shouting and waving of flags, and singing of anthems, and the clashing of military music. Then the train shot along at London, Chatham, and Dover speed almost to London, whence we turned off towards Windsor. As we approached the royal borough the human milestones became more frequent and quite invariably flag-staffs, until we shot into the railway-station at Windsor, where a knot of princes and princesses were waiting, as well as the Mayor of Windsor. There were beauty and youth and rank and culture gathered for a few minutes at the Windsor railway-station on that bright March morning, but after the bride and bridegroom, the observed of all, was that mighty man of war whose wife is the English Princess Royal. It was an interesting sight, and the air of Windsor was full of joy-bells as the royal train discharged its distinguished and happy freight.

#### MY ONE GLEAM OF ROMANCE.

I AM afraid that I am only a prosaic sort of being. Now and then the young ladies whom I meet in society think me unromantic and perhaps uninteresting. The gay hues of morning become lost in that "light of common day" which belongs to the afternoon of life. For me it is a quiet, cheerful, happy afternoon; with the music of the voices that I love, the fragrance of the flowers I tend. I know, too, that for me the tracing evening breezes will rise, and the evening skies be flushed with immortal hopes. Once I had a gleam of romance, which grew, indeed, into a steady radiance; and plain and prosaic as I am now—and it is mainly the ordinary episode of a woman's life—I think it perhaps more romantic than happens to most young ladies of the period, and I only hope that they, too, may have a gleam equally propitious.



We were the six daughters of a country vicar; we lived four miles from the county town, which was also the cathedral city. We were a very happy nest of girls, save for certain unpropitious love affairs, which, however, came all right before the end of the third volume. Our squire's son was very attentive to my elder sister, and our squire, though very civil to us, was not supposed to like it, for he had trotted off his son for a long tour, and nobody knew for how long it might be. My second sister was engaged to my father's curate; helplessly, hopelessly engaged. He had only a hundred a year, and was not to think of marrying until he had at least another hundred. I came third. The rest of my younger sisters have become engaged to the series of subsequent curates. My father could not afford to send us to school, but we grew up somehow, and, like flowers, we grew up towards the sunlight. The education our good mother gave us was something like "Shakespeare, taste, and the musical glasses;" but our father added a robust fibre. He considered that boys and girls ought, to a certain extent, to have the same education. Like Shakespeare aforesaid, we had a little Latin and less Greek. As far as Greek goes I never got beyond the irregular verbs—those rocks which have shipwrecked many a young scholar—but in Latin I read several of the easier classics. I did not compose any Latin verses, because my father very properly said that young ladies should not write verses, but have verses written to them. I had done the first three books of Euclid, and in algebra had gone as far as quadratic equations, but not into them. I do not mention these humble attainments boastfully, but because it will be soon seen that they have something to do with my little story.

My father was able to give us a good home, but then I knew it was not a home that would last always. I did not see that there was any necessity in the nature of things that we six maidens should always be living together. Of course it is necessary that one or two girls should always be at home looking after the father and mother, but half-a-dozen were really more than sufficient. I made up my mind thus: I should like to go out as a governess. My father and mother did not at all like the notion. The living was a fairly good one, and the notion had never entered their heads; but it had fully taken possession of mine. I was naturally fond of teaching,

and had done even more than my share in teaching the younger ones. Moreover, I should like to see a bigger world than that which our village made up, except that on Saturday we went to the neighbouring city, where we did some shopping and marketing, walked about, and went to hear the anthem in the cathedral. One day I saw an advertisement which seemed to suit me precisely. A governess was desired by a country gentleman in the Midlands, to teach three little boys. Now it was that my boyish education came in excellently. These lads were intended to go to Rugby, and it was discovered, after some little correspondence and comparing of notes, that I should be able to educate them up to the point of entering Rugby; even my father said so, and my father was a man who was sternly just and particular in these things, and would not for worlds let any of his children fly false colours. Then this gentleman and lady wanted my photograph, and I was rather ashamed to send it, for I was only a poor small brown little creature. Those who loved me said that I had loving eyes, just like our dog Pompey, who I am sure had eyes that were simply magnificent, only eyes do not come out very well in photographs. However, the matter was ultimately arranged between my father and these people. I suppose few young ladies made so good a start first off in the governess world as I did at nineteen, and all because I was able to teach the boys Latin and mathematics. I was to have fifty guineas a year, with laundress and travelling expenses, so that I really should not have to pay away anything out of my salary. In fact, the Reverend Jones, who was engaged to my sister Fanny, told me that I was a great deal better off than he was. When he had paid all his expenses he was hardly fifty shillings to the good. If it had been guineas instead of shillings he thought he might be tempted to perpetrate matrimony on the strength of it.

In order to get to my "place," as we laughingly called it, down in the shires, it was necessary that I should go up from our cathedral city to London, and then go down into the country by another line. Donnington was a very long way from the railway. At this time our railway system was still young, but even at the present time, though there are four or five railways in this neighbourhood, none come within four or five miles of Donnington. I was to go down to Manningham Road station,

which was ten miles from the market town of Manningham itself, and then the village of Donnington was five miles on the other side of Manningham.

It was late in a September afternoon when I came to Manningham Road station. The station itself was in a little village, but it ambitiously preferred taking its title from the market town, which was many miles off. The arrangement was that I should be met by one of the Wilmslows in their trap, which should take me and my belongings over to Donnington. Everything was taken out, but unfortunately the Wilmslows' conveyance had not arrived. The porter knew them very well, and said that they were sure to be there before very long. It was a long way to come, and they might have business at Manningham. So after waiting a rather long time I left my luggage on the platform, where the porter assured me it would be quite safe, and took a stroll about the village—a very little one, but presenting two remarkable features. The churchyard was very much timbered, almost grove-like in character, and with an avenue of fine branching elms. Moreover, the church-doors were unlocked, with every appearance of that being the normal state of things, and the church was gently filled with a dim suffusion of religious light. I paced that avenue, and sat quietly in that church, and my eyelids being heavy with a little wholesome crying it is just possible—I admit this confidentially—that I may have slumbered for a few minutes in a most comfortable large square pew, which I gratefully recall to the present day. At last the thought occurred to me that I might in my turn be keeping the Wilmslows waiting at the station, and so somewhat hurriedly I retraced my steps.

When I got once more upon the platform I noticed with dismay that my luggage had vanished.

"Well, porter," I said, "what about my luggage? I suppose you have put it in the cloak-room?"

"Eh, miss, be that you?" said the porter. "Who'd have thought of seeing you here."

"But where's my luggage?" I answered, "and I wonder how long I shall have to wait."

"The luggage, miss—why, Mr. Wilmslow's got it. He are not been out of the station-yard six minutes."

"Gone, and without me!" I exclaimed, perfectly thunder-struck.

"Why, miss, he came and asked after you. I said you had left your luggage here, but how it was my belief that you had walked on because he had kep' you so long a waiting. Whereupon his man whisked up your luggage and they started off after you."

I was in absolute despair, and asked if he could by a short cut get to any point where he could attract their attention by shouting or waving a handkerchief. At our place at home it was possible to resort to a move of this kind; but the railway-porter only grinned, and explained that it was quite impossible. Then, having caused me this inconvenience and annoyance, the fellow touched his cap, and unconscionably expected a tip.

I was in a great quandary. What would it be best to do? Surely Mr. Wilmslow would return after he had gone a few miles, and found that I was not to be overtaken. Perhaps it would be best, after all, to hire a fly and go after him. It would be annoying to spend one of my few precious sovereigns; and it would be also annoying to meet Mr. Wilmslow returning to meet me, perhaps as soon as I had started. This part of the question was speedily set at rest by the porter informing me that it was impossible to hire anything. No fly was to be obtained nearer than Manningham; so I determined to walk, if necessary, to Manningham itself, and hire from there. We Leslie girls were strong, and I had done my ten miles' walk often before to-day. But it would be much pleasanter to be picked up, and I persuaded myself that it was this which was going to happen. I did not know that a few miles before you came to Manningham there was a road which left the town on the left, and went on to Donnington, saving three-quarters of a mile. It afterwards transpired that Mr. Wilmslow, with a man's natural stupidity, took this by-road, supposing that everyone must needs know the road which he knew best himself. If a girl had been driving she would have had more sense.

So I walked on, a solitary damsel, along that interminable country road. I walked in good spirits, and am always delighted when I first see a new prospect unfolding before me. But I had somewhat miscalculated my physical strength. It is one thing to walk out in the fresh morning, and another thing to make a forced journey after the morning's work is done. I got quite angry with myself for feeling tired

almost on the outset of my walk. I felt that I should be very glad if I could make friends with any good-natured driver who could give me a lift. Sometimes when we came back on a market-day father did not at all mind our carrier, who was also parish clerk, giving us a lift in his covered waggon. But this seemed to be a lonely road through an uninhabited country. There drove up a perfectly white man in a cart full of meal bags; but there was hardly room for himself among his bags, and I besides did not want to be perfectly white. By the irony of fate there also came by a coal-waggon, but I had as little wish to be black as to be white. Then I came to a little roadside inn which had a board with a painted remark about being "drunk on the premises." I rather quickened my pace, for such an announcement suggested that there might be roughs about. Then I listened, but listened in vain. I should have been glad of the company of any good old market woman with whom I could have chatted as I walked along, and in fact I would not at all have minded carrying her eggs for her for company's sake.

Presently I heard the sound of wheels, the sound of rapid driving. A turn of the road discovered to me a young man driving a tandem. The horses were spirited and fresh, and he had some difficulty in pulling them up when he came close to me.

"Well, my pretty maid," he cried, "are you all by yourself? Shall I give you a lift? Take a drive with me in my trap. It will be a lark for you."

Now I really was very tired. But it was very impertinent of him to call me a pretty maid, which, indeed, I was not. Then I knew that my father quite disapproved of young men driving tandem. Then it was disrespectful, to say the least of it, to make that remark about "a lark." Besides, the young man's eye and voice and manner were not at all to his credit. They suggested the idea that he had been at the inn which I had left behind me, and had carried out the idea of getting "drunk on the premises."

So I made up my mind in a moment.

"No, thank you, sir, I had rather walk."

"Where are you going?"

It was no business of his, but I answered quietly, "I am going to Manningham."

"So am I. And it is more than seven miles. You will never be able to do it. Get up, my dear; I'll lend you a hand."

This was very insolent—I mean his

calling me "my dear." I gave no answer but walked forward briskly. He was up in a moment and jumped out of his gig, keeping the reins in his hand.

"At any rate you will give me a kiss?"

I shrieked and ran away from him as fast as I could in the opposite direction, going over the ground which I had toilsomely travelled a little while before. My knees bent under me, and I thought I should have fainted. A glance showed me, however, that he did not dare leave the two horses, which were champing and fretting to be off. How, in my heart of hearts, I blessed those honest horses. Then the wretch actually shook his fist at me uttering ugly words.

Presently, and with a feeling of great joy and relief on my part, he was out of sight as fast as his two horses could carry him. In the meanwhile I had sunk down exhausted by the wayside. The road had a wide margin of grass which rose at this point into a hillock shadowed by a copse of trees. There was literally a mossy couch where I reclined, and also literally watered it with my tears. In all my life I had never been so grossly degraded and insulted. Was this, indeed, the beginning of my entrance upon the world? Surely the world was something infinitely more vile and evil than my father's sermons had ever told me it was. I felt like some poor damsel in the days of Arthurian romance, whom some wicked Earl Doom had insulted; but, alas! I thought, in these Victorian days there is no knight Geraint "riding abroad, redressing human wrongs," saving fair ladies when they are lost in perilous paths. But it will be seen that I did the Victorian days an injustice.

The shadows were falling faster and longer as I, once more summoning all my energies, resumed the walk. It was quite clear to me that I should not get to Donnington till midnight; and what in the world would they think of me? And I am not partial to walking in the dark in a perfectly strange country; but though I lost my spirits, my courage kept up wonderfully. I kept on bravely for another three-quarters of an hour, but instead of persevering in the walk I had to sit down and rest myself, which all good walkers know to be a very bad sign. Presently I once more heard the sound of wheels, and looking back I saw that there was a young gentleman in a dog-cart. He stopped his horse at the bottom of the hill, and I perceived that he

was lighting his side-lamps. That alone would be enough to remind me that the evening was fading into night. He came slowly up hill, but easily overtook me, and might have passed me unregardingly, only happily his eye fell upon me as I was nervously trying to crouch out of view.

"Ab," he said, "my poor girl, you seem tired. Have you far to go?"

I thought it best to put a good front on matters. My pride revolted at being called a poor girl, although such a word exactly described me as I then was.

As I came into view by the light of the carriage-lamps he most respectfully took off his hat and said: "I venture to ask, ma'am, if I can be of any use. It will soon be quite dark, and there is no moon to-night."

"I have missed a carriage that was to have met me," I said, "and am walking on."

"This is the road to Manningham, where I am driving. You are going there too, I presume. I think you had better allow me to drive you into the town."

There was something very courteous and pleasant in his voice. There was sufficient light to discover a bright-eyed and handsome kindly face, with thick curly hair. My instinct told me that I need not be afraid to be driven by him. At the same time I had a horror of being driven by solitary gentlemen, especially after what had happened such a short time before, and answered, not perhaps in so firm a tone as I ought:

"No, thank you. I shall manage to walk on."

He moved his hat, and with a sinking heart I saw him proceed on his way. It came into my mind that I would call after him and accept his proposition. Pride, however, came to my help, and I refrained from doing so. Fortunately, however, he stopped his horse, and waited till I should come up.

"I hope, ma'am," he said, "that you will accept my offer. It is really not fit that a lady like yourself should be out after dark, in a country you don't know, and evidently very tired."

I stammered out some kind of refusal.

"But you must come," he said, with an air of authority. "My horse will not wait any longer, and it is impossible to leave you here. No one could answer for the consequences. Please jump in at once."

He was positively ordering me to get in, and I had not sufficient strength of mind

or body to resist his orders. If he had tried to beg and entreat and coax me to get in, I know I should have walked on till I dropped; but, being peremptorily told to get in, my girlish instinct of obedience came to my help, and I was lifted in by a strong arm before I quite knew what was being done with me.

I was so thankful when I was being comfortably driven along, the swift motion and brisk air bringing back my high spirits, as they always do. I told my deliverer what was my destination. He knew Donnington, and he also knew Mr. Wilmslow very well, but he did not think that I should be able to get there that night. He questioned whether at that time of night I could get a vehicle to take me on. Perhaps it might not be right to travel up to the Wilmslows' at the late hour when I should arrive. Unfortunately, he himself had to go five miles in another direction. He was already past his time, and his horse was nearly knocked up. Perhaps, too, we both doubted how far it would be in exactly good taste for a young gentleman to drive up a young lady at midnight to a sedate household where she was to be an exemplary governess.

But we had a very pleasant talk. He told me all about the gentleman to whose house I was going, a country squire and at the same time a practical farmer, cultivating a thousand acres of his own. He thought I should like the place and the people, and he certainly amused me very much by the way in which he described all my future surroundings. But all the time it was easy for me to see that his mind was not quite at rest, that he was not quite certain what was best to be done, and rather anxious as to the upshot of the adventure.

At last the town of Manningham came in sight, pleasant streets and a broad market-place full of twinkling lights. We drove up to the principal inn, and entered beneath an archway. Here he asked me to hold the reins for a moment, while he went in to talk to his friend the landlady, of whom he had spoken in kindly and confident terms as we came along. Now it so happened that there was a little window underneath the arch, opening into the landlady's private room, from which she could look out into the yard and issue her directions. A little conversation was going on in this room which turned out to be of a very unpleasant character. At first there was an indis-



tinguishable murmur of voices, and presently the accents made themselves clear.

"No, indeed, Mr. William, you must go somewhere else. I cannot find accommodation for this person."

Mr. William appeared to be speaking in a remonstrating tone, but I could not make out what he said. But the landlady's next words, sharp and clear, brought the hot blood to my face.

"Those who really are ladies don't go tramping about the country till nearly ten o'clock, and then take seats in young gentlemen's gigs. We never take in tramps at the Royal George."

"But, Mrs. Brown, what is this young lady to do? You say that all your flies are out, and she is quite unable to walk to the Wilmslows of Donnington."

"The Wilmslows of Donnington don't expect the likes of her, Mr. William. Those sort of people who run about the country always get hold of a good name or two."

"But this is dreadful," said poor William. "What am I to do with this lady?"

"You should have thought of that, sir, before you took her up into your father's carriage. There'll be a fine talk all over the country about this bit of work. I know you mean no harm, but you always were wild and wilful, Mr. William, and it's my belief that if you put a pair of tongs into petticoats you would want to drive them fire-irons all about the country."

"You are talking utter nonsense, Mrs. Brown; you are quite insulting."

"I know what I am about, Mr. Curtis, which is more than you do, when you let yourself be taken in in this way. You will make yourself as bad a name as John Blades himself, who's the terror of all the decent girls ten miles round."

"But only come and look at her, Mrs. Brown. Look at her for a single moment, I entreat you, and you will be more than satisfied."

"Oh, I'll take a look at my lady, never fear."

She came round to the door and looked, and in return she encountered the indignant look of an honest English girl, who, although almost heart-broken, had enough spirit and energy left to hold her own. Directly the landlady saw me she became suddenly and strangely altered. She gave me a smile and a curtsy, and came forward to greet me. She did not know that I had overheard this strange conversation, and I am glad to say that I

had enough tact to refrain from alluding to it at the time.

"Dear me, miss," she exclaimed, "Mrs. Wilmslow will be so dreadfully sorry that you have been prevented coming to her to-night by any accident or unpleasantness. How tired and hungry you must be. Come in, come in!"

She led the way into a very pretty little room furnished as a drawing-room, where a tall handsome bouncing girl was sitting at a table copying music, and introduced me to her as her daughter Kate. Rectors' daughters and innkeepers' daughters do not, as a rule, see much of each other, but this was a wholesome, pleasant, pretty, lady-like girl, as much of a lady as any girl whom I had ever met. We shook hands heartily, and at once became great friends. The good people brought me tea and cold chicken, and made me as comfortable as I could have been at home.

"You have never been at an inn before, have you, my dear?" said Mrs. Brown, now mollified beyond all description.

"Not to sleep, ma'am; only now and then I have had lunch with my father when we have been at an hotel at our market town."

"Perhaps you will be a little nervous at night in a strange place," she rejoined.

"Not at all, ma'am," I answered, attempting to be polite, although in reality I expected that I should feel rather uncomfortable.

"I think, my dear, if you don't mind, you had better sleep in my daughter Kate's room. There is a little bed there which will just suit you, and you will not feel lonely."

Kate's room was a perfect boudoir. She had all sorts of pretty things, and had been at a good boarding-school near London. She had a little swinging bookcase, just like my own, with the same admixture of novels, poems, and devotional works. My little white couch was charming. In girls' fashion we lay in bed ever so long talking. I told her all the story of my day, from first start in the morning until Mr. Curtis drove me into Manningham. I was glad to hear her gossip a little about William Curtis. He was the son of a big farmer, or rather a squire, just such another as Mr. Wilmslow, to whose house I was going. He had been the head boy of the Manningham Grammar School, and then at an agricultural college, and he had also travelled in foreign parts. It was quite clear that Kate regarded him as one of the

aristocracy of the neighbourhood. There was no difficulty in identifying the young man who had been driving tandem. Kate denounced him as "a perfect brute," and I heartily agreed with her energetic language. It was the very Mr. Blades whom I heard her mother alluding to in her conversation with William Curtis. Whenever he came to the inn she took care that she never came near him. She had seen him the worse for liquor once—which she believed was his usual condition—and her mother would never let her run the chance of seeing him thus a second time.

The morning came genial and brilliant. I slept soundly, and rose refreshed. A pleasant breakfast was spread in the sitting-room where I had been overnight. There was a little matter which was sorely perplexing me. Being at the inn, I ought to ask for and pay my account, but on the other hand I had been treated with such motherly kindness and hospitality that I really did not like to offer them money. I remember, however, having heard my dear father say that it was very rarely indeed that you could offend people by offering them money which might be thought their due, and he also used to say that whether they took it or not they at least liked to have the offer of it. Accordingly, though with some stammering, I asked for my bill. As soon as ever I had uttered the monosyllable I was ashamed of it, for my good landlady took both my hands in hers and said that I must not say another syllable on the subject, for they were charmed to have me there, and were thankful that I should have been their guest.

"And now, my dear," she said, "I declare there are visitors coming to see you already."

And sure enough, just underneath the archway, there was a low pony-carriage with a pair of white ponies, and a dear old lady and gentleman, white-headed, who exactly matched the ponies. In a minute they were within the room shaking hands with me very warmly.

"We are the father and mother of William Curtis, who brought you here last night," said the old lady introducing herself. "We are so very glad that he was able to render you this service. The Wilmslows are old friends of ours, and we thought that it might perhaps be nicer for you if we drove you over this morning in our pony-chaise. We are afraid that they must have been very much alarmed as you did not turn up."

Nothing could be kinder than this beautiful old lady was as we drove along. She knew all about my going to be a governess at the Wilmslows, and said that she hoped that she should be often seeing me, and that I must come and spend my shorter holidays at their home—Langley Manor House, on the other side of Manningham. In due time we came to Donnington, when the Wilmslows gave me a very kind reception. They had been greatly perturbed and dismayed by my non-arrival. Mrs. Wilmslow, with natural feminine sagacity, laid all the blame upon her irrational husband, who at once meekly accepted her reprimand.

This, then, was the one gleam of romance which illumined my girlhood. It did not last so very long. That is to say, it lasted from five o'clock in the afternoon till ten o'clock that memorable September day. Since then I really cannot say that I have ever met with anything in the shape of an adventure. It is said by wise people that the nation is happy which has no history, and I think that the same may be said of a woman. But from this adventure, such as it was, there flowed several important results. I found in the Curtises the kindest and most loving friends I ever made in my life. As I made some mention of my family at the outset, I may say that the young squire married my eldest sister, and through her influence our curate got a living, which enabled him to marry my second sister. As for myself, I often say that I am still a governess, but with this important difference—that I am governess to children of my own, and as my boys grow up they are sometimes "cheeky," and call my dearest William the governor. I often bless the day when that one gleam of romance, through tears and troubles, brought me to the settled sunshine of my life.

#### THE LITTLE THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET.

In the year 1720 one John Potter, a carpenter, having become lessee of certain premises known as the King's Head Inn in the Haymarket, converted them into a theatre, expending about one thousand pounds upon the structure, and some five hundred pounds more in the provision of scenery, dresses, and decorations. Potter's speculation was not thought to be very promising,

for he was without patent or license from the authorities, and at first could only let his theatre for the private performances of amateur companies. But, under the patronage of our nobility, French actors were now occasionally visiting London; and soon without much difficulty Potter was able to obtain temporary permission for their exhibitions. The theatre was formally opened to the public on the 29th December, 1720, when a comedy called *La Fille à la Mode*, ou *Le Badaud de Paris*, was presented by a troop of players styling themselves "the French comedians of His Grace the Duke of Montague." These performances were continued until the following May, the theatre being open some three or four nights a week. The house was known indifferently at this time as the New Theatre in the Haymarket and as the New French Theatre. In 1723 a comedy in English was produced and played three times, *The Female Fop*, or *the False One Fitted*, the actors being "persons who had never yet appeared in public." In 1724 there was again a French company in the theatre—the English performances had proved unattractive; musical entertainments were also presented, and in 1726 Italian operas, supported by subscription of the nobility and gentry. In 1728 appeared a burlesque opera in English, entitled *Penelope*, its humour being rather of a low class: *Penelope* was supposed to keep an ale-house, and *Ulysses* figured as a sergeant in the Grenadiers. A five-act comedy, *The Lottery*, by an unknown hand, was also produced at this time. The theatre was occupied presently by swordsmen, tumblers, jugglers, rope-dancers, and gymnasts. In 1729 various new plays were produced, and among them an eccentric comedy called *Hurlothrumbo* or *the Supernatural*, written by one Johnson, a crazy dancing-master from Cheshire. This work enjoyed thirty repetitions, and greatly helped the fortunes of the Haymarket Theatre. Johnson himself appeared upon the stage as the hero of his play, *Lord Flame*, dancing, singing, playing the violin, and walking upon stilts. It is plain that he was as much laughed at as laughed with. A similar piece of extravagance, called *The Blazing Comet*, *The Mad Lover*, or *the Beauties of the Poets*, produced in a subsequent season, failed to please, however, the public being perhaps a little weary of Mr. Johnson's vagaries. In 1730 appeared Fielding's *Tom Thumb* and Author's

*Farce*, followed in 1731 by his *Grub Street Opera* and *Letter Writers*.

In 1733 the leading players at Drury Lane, feeling themselves oppressed by Mr. Highmore and the other new patentees, who had purchased the shares of Cibber and Booth, seceded to the Haymarket, having fitted up and redecored the theatre with great expedition. They called themselves the Comedians of His Majesty's Revels, their proceedings being presumably sanctioned by Mr. Charles Henry Lee, who then filled the important office of Master of the Revels. The manager was Theophilus Cibber, and the public were invited to entertainments of a more ambitious kind than had previously been presented upon the Haymarket stage. The patentees of Drury Lane, embarrassed and enraged at being thus abandoned by their troop, attempted to put the Act of the 12th of Queen Anne respecting rogues and vagabonds in force against the deserters, and, to make an example, obtained the warrant of a justice of the peace for the committal to Bridewell of Harper, an excellent actor, the *Falstaff* of the company. Harper's friends tendered bail for him, and at a later date his arrest and imprisonment were declared illegal by the Court of King's Bench on the plea that he was a householder, enjoying a vote for Westminster, and could not therefore be lawfully regarded as a rogue and vagabond within the meaning of the Act. This decision did much to benefit the status of the "poor player" in popular regard.

It was during the tenancy of the Haymarket by the Drury Lane actors that a performance was given to assist the fallen fortunes of the once-famous John Dennis, the critic, who had become old, and poor, and blind. The comedy of *The Provoked Husband* was represented, and Pope supplied a new prologue to be spoken upon the occasion. It was observed, however, that Pope, while affecting to compliment, had covertly sneered at his old foe. Poor Dennis survived the benefit but twenty days, dying on January 6, 1734, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

A change in the proprietorship of Drury Lane Theatre and the advent of Mr. Fleetwood as principal patentee resulted in the return of the seceders to their allegiance. The Haymarket was forthwith abandoned again to entertainments of farce and burlesque, Fielding reappearing upon the scene with a troop of players,

mockingly styled The Great Mogul's Company of Comedians. His Don Quixote in England was produced in 1734; Pasquin enjoyed nearly fifty performances in 1736; and success was obtained in the year following by Tumble Down Dick or Phaeton in the Suds, and by The Historical Register for 1736. Then came the Licensing Act, 10th George II., c. 28, which limited the number of play-houses, compelled the submission of all plays, prologues, and epilogues to an examiner appointed by the Lord Chamberlain, and practically closed the Haymarket and the Goodman's Fields Theatre. The Act may also be said to have terminated Fielding's career as a dramatic author. It is curious to note that during the discussion in Parliament preceding the passing of the Act the Haymarket was always referred to as "the French play-house."

In 1738 the Lord Chamberlain permitted the reopening of the theatre for the performances of a French company. The public was justly indignant. An arbitrary Act of Parliament had driven native actors from the stage which was yet to be free to foreign adventurers. A riot was the consequence. Two justices of the peace, and a company of the Guards under the command of Colonel Pulteney, were present to preserve order. By way of protest the crowded audience joined in singing vociferously the Roast Beef of Old England, and heartily applauded their own musical efforts. The justices warned the rioters that it was the king's command that the play should be performed, and that all offenders would be made prisoners. The curtain drew up and discovered the French actors standing between the files of grenadiers; the foreigners were to be forced upon the British public by means of British bayonets and firelocks. The pit rose, appealing to the magistrates against such oppressive measures, and asserting the legal right of the audience to manifest their disapproval of any plays or players. The magistrates thought it expedient to yield; the troops were ordered from the stage, and the performance commenced with the comedy of *L'Embaras de Richesse*. But the voices of the actors were drowned by the cries and cat-calls of the spectators. An attempt made to execute a dance was rendered abortive by the flinging upon the stage of bushels of peas. Finally the curtain was lowered—it was like the striking of a flag—and the triumph of the audience was complete.

"I will venture to say," writes Mr. Victor, who was present, "that at no battle gained over the French by the immortal Marlborough could the shouting have been more joyous than on this occasion." The excited mob then proceeded to insult the French and Spanish ambassadors, who had attended the theatre, and to cut the traces of their carriages. Mr. Victor regrets these excesses; "but what else," he asks, "could be expected at a time when several of our own poor players were in jail for debt, deprived of their livelihood by Act of Parliament? Was that a juncture for a company of French strollers to appear by authority?"

In 1741 English operas were presented at the Haymarket, and from time to time dramatic performances were given by Theophilus Cibber, Macklin, and others, under virtue of temporary licenses or simply in defiance of the Act, some subterfuge being employed to give a legal air to the proceedings. Thus a concert would be announced with an invitation to "a rehearsal in form of a play called *Romeo and Juliet*." Those who paid to attend the concert were presented gratis with this rehearsal, which was really a complete performance, and the main entertainment of the evening. In 1743, Garrick and others, seceding from Fleetwood's management of Drury Lane, vainly besought the Lord Chamberlain to license the Haymarket. In 1744 Macklin opened the Haymarket for the performance of his pupils. He endeavoured to draw them from the artificial manner of speaking which then prevailed upon the stage. "It was his manner," we are told, "to check all the cant and cadence of tragedy; he would bid his pupils first speak the passage as they would in common life if they had occasion to pronounce the same words, and then, giving them more force, but preserving the same accent, to deliver them on the stage." It was in this year that the famous Samuel Foote first trod the stage of the Haymarket. The play was *Othello*, preceded by a concert, the bills announcing that the character of Othello would be "new dressed after the custom of his country," and that no money would be taken at the doors, nor any person admitted but by printed tickets, which would be delivered by Mr. Macklin, at his house in Bow Street. These dramatic representations were stopped, however, in 1745 by the peremptory order of the Lord Chamberlain.



Two years later Foote offered the public an entertainment of a new kind. He invited them to drink tea or chocolate at noon at the Haymarket; sometimes he pretended to hold an auction of pictures; admission, however, was only to be obtained by tickets purchased at George's Coffee House, Temple. "It is hoped," said the advertisements, "there will be a great deal of good company and some joyous spirits." There was, of course, no tea or chocolate or sale of pictures. The invitation was not to be viewed literally, and by London audiences this was well understood, if, in the country, as Tate Wilkinson relates, when he attempted performances in imitation of Foote, "difficulty and chagrin" resulted from misapprehension in this respect. Foote would coolly step upon the stage, and propose that while the refreshments were being prepared, he should proceed with the instruction of his pupils, or otherwise entertain the audience with comic lectures, mimicry, and sketches of character. In 1749 occurred the famous Bottle Conjuror hoax, contrived by the Duke of Montague and other wits of the day. It was advertised that after many surprising feats of legerdemain, the conjuror would, on the stage, and in presence of the audience, compress himself into a quart bottle and sing a song in it. The spectators finding themselves tricked nearly demolished the theatre.

Strenuous efforts were now made to establish the Haymarket as a summer theatre, to be open when Drury Lane and Covent Garden were closed. The Lord Chamberlain, however, exercised his authority capriciously enough; he was tolerant of French players, and even of performances by dancing dogs, but he was strongly opposed to the exhibitions of English actors, or would only permit them intermittently. In 1760 Foote collected a company, and presented several of his own plays; but for the following seasons he failed to obtain permission to perform. In 1766 his fall from his horse while he was on a visit at Lord Mexborough's led to results very fortunate for him in his character of manager. It is true that his leg was badly broken, and that he had to submit to amputation; for the rest of his life he was doomed to limp upon a leg of cork. But much sympathy was expressed on account of his accident, and the Duke of York obtained for him a royal license to erect a theatre in the city and liberties of West-

minster, and to exhibit plays there from the 15th May to the 15th September in each year during his natural life. In Anthony Pasquin's *Life of Edwin the actor*, it is even suggested that Foote unnecessarily endured the loss of his limb in order to secure this privilege; but the story is not credible. Foote now bought the lease of the theatre of Potter's executors, and greatly enlarged and improved the building by adding to it the adjoining premises. For ten years, as manager, author, and actor, he continued to entertain the public. In 1776 he transferred his interest in the lease and license to George Colman the elder for an annuity of sixteen hundred pounds. Foote lived to receive one half-year's annuity only, so that Colman obtained absolute possession of the property for some eight hundred pounds. It is true that the royal license expired with Foote; but Colman with little difficulty obtained a continuance in his favour of the privileges enjoyed by his predecessor.

Recognised as a summer theatre, the Haymarket, even in Foote's time, was nevertheless open in the winter months with a variety of entertainments, which were supposed not to interfere with the rights of the patent houses. In 1767 and for the two following seasons Mr. G. A. Stevens delivered his droll *Lecture upon Heads; catches and glees*, under the direction of the famous Doctor Arne, were sung in 1770. At one time Foote's *Primitive Puppet Show* was exhibited: a comic and satiric entertainment, preceded by an address demonstrating the antiquity of puppets, and their superiority over flesh and blood performers. The audience were specially asked to take warning from the example of a country girl, who, being brought by her friends to the Puppet Show, could not be convinced that the puppets were not players, and being carried the succeeding night to one of the theatres, could with difficulty be satisfied that the players were not puppets. In 1777 the Italian Fantoccini performed comedies, with dancing and pantomimic transformations; and in 1780 was presented Charles Dibdin's entertainment, called *Pasquin's Budget, or a Peep at the World*, an exhibition of large puppets and "ombres chinoises," which did not please, however; the audience manifesting their discontent by attempts to destroy the chandeliers, tear up the benches, and otherwise injure the theatre, after the accustomed manner of offended playgoers in the last century.

Upon the destruction by fire of the Opera House in 1789, Italian operas were for one season given at the little Haymarket Theatre. In 1793-4, when Drury Lane Theatre was in course of reconstruction, the Haymarket was opened in the winter under virtue of the Drury Lane Patent. It was during this occupation, the occasion being a royal visit of George the Third and his Queen on the 3rd of February, 1794, that fifteen persons lost their lives, trampled upon and suffocated, many others being gravely injured by the violent rushing of the crowd to the pit entrance down a steep flight of steps. The performances proceeded as usual, and it was not until he had returned to the palace that the king was informed of the deplorable accident. There was, in consequence, no state visit of royalty to the Haymarket for some ten years.

Upon the death of Colman in 1794 possession of the Haymarket devolved upon his son, commonly known as George Colman the Younger, author of *The Iron Chest*, *The Mountaineers*, *The Heir at Law*, and other plays. The success of the new proprietor was not unqualified, and in 1805 he was compelled to admit partners to his enterprise, and otherwise to deal with his interest in the theatre. In 1813, owing to the disputes of the proprietors, the theatre remained closed throughout the season. A ten years' Chancery suit followed; gradually Colman ceased to be a proprietor; and in 1818 the theatre became vested in Mr. Morris, Colman's brother-in-law, and Mr. Whiston, proprietor of the Richmond Theatre, and at a subsequent date one of the managers of Drury Lane. In 1820 it was resolved that the theatre should be entirely reconstructed, and the property greatly improved. With this view a plot of land a few feet southward of Foote's theatre was acquired, and designs were obtained from Nash, the famous architect, for a new and much larger building.

It had been intended that a new street should occupy the site of Foote's theatre; the new street was never formed, however, and for some few months the new theatre and the old stood side by side. Foote's theatre closed on the 14th October, 1820, with a performance of *King Lear*, the site being afterwards occupied by the tavern and coffee-house long known as the *Café de l'Europe*. Nash's theatre, as it may be called, was opened on the following 4th of July, when *The Rivals* was presented. A sum of eighteen thousand pounds had been

expended upon the building. The stone front, with its five entrances, columns, entablature, and pediment, measured sixty-one feet in length and forty-eight in height. The interior was nearly a square, the boxes facing the stage being slightly curved; the lighting was by means of oil-lamps and spermaceti candles. The performances in the new theatre were most successful. Long "runs," or what were then thought to be long runs, were obtained by such plays as *Kenny's Sweethearts and Wives* in 1823, and *Poole's Paul Pry* in 1825. In 1830 Edmund Kean fulfilled a brief engagement; he had scarcely appeared in the Haymarket since his early efforts there in 1806, when he was little more than a supernumerary. In 1833 Douglas Jerrold produced his successful play of *The Housekeeper*, and in 1834 his *Beau Nash*.

In 1835 appeared the veteran Charles Kemble, and in 1836 Miss Ellen Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean, assumed Macready's part of Ion in *Talfourd's* tragedy. "A very pretty effort, and a very creditable woman's effort," wrote Macready of this performance; "but it is no more like a young man than a coat and waistcoat are. The play was very drowsy, very unreal." In 1837 commenced Mr. Benjamin Webster's long leaseeship of the Haymarket Theatre. Macready was engaged for two months to play three nights a week at twenty pounds per night. He first appeared as Hamlet, performing at later dates *Othello*, *Richard*, *Melantius* in *The Bridal*, &c. The season at the Haymarket was now no longer confined to the summer months, but extended indefinitely at the pleasure of the manager. Macready renewed his engagement during the following years with the odd condition that he should not be required to play *Shakespeare*. But he had modern plays by Knowles, Bulwer Lytton, and Talfourd to produce.

Macready laid great stress upon his success at the Haymarket in 1837. He expressly records in his *Diary* how he was much applauded, "hotly called for," and most cordially received by the audience. "Thus ended my first Haymarket engagement," he writes; "and devoutly and fervently do I return thanks to God Almighty for this among the many mercies his goodness has vouchsafed me."

Mr. Webster proved a most energetic manager, and supplied the public with theatrical entertainments of the best class. Under his rule tragedy flourished, sup-

ported now by Macready, now by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, now by Miss Helen Faucit and Mr. Anderson, now by the Cushman sisters, Mr. Wallack, Mr. Creswick, Mr. Barry Sullivan, &c. Mr. Troughton's *Nina Sforza*, Sheridan Knowles's *Rose of Arragon*, Westland Marston's *Strathmore*, and Mr. Lovell's *Wife's Secret* were among the more serious plays produced. But comedy perhaps obtained a larger share of the attention and favour both of the manager and his public. *Alma Mater*, *Old Heads and Young Hearts*, and *The School for Scheming*, by Mr. Boucicault; *Marriage and Temper*, by the late Robert Bell; *Time Works Wonders*, *The Catpaw*, and *Retired from Business*, by Douglas Jerrold; *The Beggar on Horseback*, by Mr. Sullivan; *Look before you Leap*, by Mr. Lovell; *Masks and Faces*, by Messrs. Charles Reade and Tom Taylor; these are some of the chief comedies produced by Mr. Webster at the Haymarket. Nor should it be forgotten that a prize of five hundred pounds for the best comedy was offered by the manager in 1844, many works being in consequence submitted to the judgment of a committee of taste. The result was unfortunate, the chosen comedy, Mrs. Gore's *Quid Pro Quo* completely failing in representation. *Fairy extravaganzas* by Mr. Planché were also produced: *The Fair One with the Golden Locks*, *Graciosa and Perinet*, *the Bee and the Orange Tree*, *the Invisible Prince*, &c. In 1849 Macready began a long farewell engagement, in the course of which he represented for the last time each of his more famous characters. Among comedians appearing from time to time at the Haymarket during the tenancy of Mr. Webster may be counted "Old Farren" and Mrs. Glover, Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews, Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Stirling, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Strickland, Mr. Tilbury, Miss Reynolds, Miss Julia Bennett, and Miss P. Horton. In his farewell address, delivered on the 14th March, 1853, upon the last night of his management, Mr. Webster informed the public that he had paid sixty thousand pounds for rent, twelve thousand pounds for repairs, and thirty thousand pounds to authors for plays during his lesseeship of the Haymarket. He had greatly improved the house by rounding some of the ugly angles of the original design, introducing stalls, and giving backs to the pit seats; he had widened the proscenium eleven feet, and entirely remodelled it. Further, for the fee of five hundred pounds a year and the

gift of the central chandeliers to the proprietors he had substituted gas for the old oil-lamps and candles. This last-mentioned change was effected in 1843.

Mr. Buckstone, who succeeded Mr. Webster as lessee, conducted the theatre much after the manner of his predecessor. In imitation perhaps of the opening in 1821, the new manager commenced his season with a performance of *The Rivals*. Mr. Buckstone, too, was stirred to improve the house by re-decorating it, and by the provision of a new stage with improved mechanical arrangements, so that the performance of pantomime became for the first time possible at the Haymarket, and *Harlequin* and the *Three Bears* flourished there for some weeks in 1855. Comedy, however, continued to be the more usual entertainment of the theatre. *The Unequal Match*, *The Contested Election*, *Victims*, *Our American Cousin*, all by Mr. Tom Taylor, may be judged the more memorable of the plays produced under Mr. Buckstone's management. Room was found, however, for the occasional performance of the tragedians, Edwin Booth, George Vandenhoff, Miss Helen Faucit, and Miss Cushman. The great success of Mr. Sothorn as Lord Dundreary, and in the plays called *David Garrick*, *Brother Sam*, *The Favourite of Fortune*, and *A Hero of Romance*, drew crowds to the Haymarket during several seasons. For some while, too, the fairy plays of Mr. W. S. Gilbert enjoyed the favour of the public. In 1878 the direction of the Haymarket passed from Mr. Buckstone to Mr. J. S. Clarke, the American comedian, who, in his turn, now makes way for Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. The new lessees commence their career as managers of the theatre with important alterations and improvements, involving the complete reconstruction of the auditory.

## SET IN A SILVER SEA.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER II. TO THE SILVER ISLE COMES AN EVANGELINE WHOSE LIPS ARE MUTE.

FROM the period of Mauvain's departure, the isle was visited, about once every year, by a brig, of which it was understood that Mauvain was the owner. The captain who commanded the brig was not over clear upon the point; he traded, he said, upon his own account, and was disposed to give the islanders the benefit of his visits. "If



it suits you to come, come," said the islanders; "but if profit be your aim, you are likely to stop away." The captain found it to his advantage to continue his visits. He brought with him pretty oddments from the troublous world whose thirsts and fevers had not yet touched the lovely land in which the spirit of peace reigned supreme; and in exchange for silks and bits of vanity, he received skins and horns of cattle. But his ambition was not to be bounded by these articles of barter and exchange.

"You have," he said to the islanders, "what is more valuable to me than horn and hides."

"What is that?" they asked.

"Silver."

This opened their eyes, and they availed themselves of Mauvain's permission to work the mine, and used the treasure for the common good, with sense and wisdom, never failing to set aside a just tenth for Mauvain or his heirs. The captain gained his end, but it vexed him to the soul that he could not tempt the people to trade for gew-gaws. However honeyed were his words, he could not induce them to set a value upon useless trifles, and he was compelled to confess that the islanders, whom he was at first disposed to regard as uncouth and uncultivated, did not in the least resemble the savages in the South Pacific, with whom he had made acquaintance in the early days of his sailor life. Casting about him for legitimate roads that would lead to trade, the captain heard the story of Evangeline and the two brothers, and he straightway suggested that it would be a rare achievement to beautify the great market-place of the Silver Isle with a marble statue of the girl, the memory of whom had not faded from the minds of the inhabitants.

"See you now," said the captain, "for a thousand ounces of silver I will bring you an image which shall be the wonder of the isle—a life-size image of Evangeline, in pure white marble. For another two hundred ounces I will bring you a pedestal of veined stone, upon which it shall stand. Give me a picture of the maid, and make her as fair and beautiful as you please. I will stake my life your picture shall not outrival in grace my statue of stone. It shall do all but speak."

They fell in gladly with the captain's offer, the bargain was made, and their most skilful artist drew a picture of Evangeline, taking for his model the fairest maid in the isle. He could not improve upon her,

for flesh and blood and bone were never seen in more graceful conjunction than in the Silver Isle. There were women there as beautiful as Venus, and men as graceful as Apollo. The strange part of it was that, although the women knew they were fair, not all their heads were turned by the knowledge.

I would not have you believe they were all saints. There were sinners among them, as you shall find.

The captain took away the picture, and upon his next visit brought with him as beautiful a statue in pure white marble as genius in its first spiritual strength could produce. The girl was represented in her happiest mood. Her limbs were perfectly moulded, her feet were bare, her head was slightly inclined forward. A smile was on her lips, her right hand was raised, and her forefinger crooked towards her ear as if in the act of listening. That the face was not a reproduction of the picture drawn by the island artist was of small account; it was most perfect in its beauty. The sculptor had worked with the soul of an artist.

The satisfaction of the islanders was expressed in words and looks of admiration, and the captain brought to bear the cunning of the world's ways, not entirely discarding truth in his scheming words.

"The artist who fashioned this figure," he said, "is a young man who will become famous in the world—one who loves his art better than money. That should not be taken advantage of—it is a scurvy trick to pay a man half value for his labour. Had you seen this young sculptor with the figure growing beneath his chisel, you would have been amazed at his enthusiasm. He worked day and night, like a man in a fever of love, as though he expected when it was finished, to see it burst into life, throw its arms round his neck, and press its warm lips of flesh and blood to his. It almost broke his heart to part with it. I speak the truth when I say that it occupied him more than double the time he expected. It was a bad bargain for him when I fixed the price at a thousand ounces."

"It is a noble work," said the purchasers; "we will pay him what you consider just."

By which piece of roguery the captain profited to the tune of three hundred ounces of silver.

The statue was set up in the market-place, the silver weighed out and paid, and all parties were well content. Thus



matters went on for fully eight years, at the end of which time a schooner unexpectedly made its appearance, bringing with it another kind of cargo than that the islanders were accustomed to.

It was early autumn, and the men and women were in the fields, singing over their work. The air was sweet with the fragrance of new-mown hay.

Some children playing on the beach stopped in the midst of their play, and drew nearer to the edge of the waves to watch the progress of a boat which was approaching the shore. In it were two sailors, rowing, and a young man who leant back, and played with the water, letting it run through his fingers in the laziest of lazy fashions. A spell of indolence was upon him, for he stepped languidly from the boat, and coming among the children, did not speak for a little while. The children, full of curiosity, and not afraid, took note in their quiet wondering way of the rings the young man wore upon his fingers, of the gold chain which hung across his waistcoat, of the diamond pin in his scarf, of the jewelled cane which he did not seem to have the strength to twirl between his fingers.

"Children," he said presently, "is this Lotus Land?"

Not understanding the question they did not answer him, and he continued in his soft melodious voice:

"I can imagine a harder lot than to be condemned to live within this prison of sweetness. A wood fairy might take pity on a mortal, and offer him the shelter of her bower. Children, if you are not sea-born, and know the language I speak, tell me if I have not lost my way across the sea. This is the Silver Isle? Bright eyes and intelligent nods are a sufficient answer. There are a few grown-up people here, I suppose? The isle is not peopled by children only, who never grow any older? You, for instance, my little maid, have a father and mother?"

"Oh, yes," replied the child, "and father is in the fields working."

"Take me to him."

She slipped her hand in his, and he looked down, amused, upon her pretty face, and submitted to be led to the fields where a number of the islanders were at work. The pleasant aspect of the scene impressed him deeply, the people were so different from the hinds who did such work in his own country.

"Arcadia!" he murmured.

"Here is father," said the girl, as a tall sun-burnt man moved towards the stranger.

"I have landed from the schooner," said the new comer, "and have brought a charge which I am to deliver to one Father Sebastian, if he be alive."

"Father Sebastian is alive," said the islander; "from whom come you?"

"From Mauvain."

"That is sufficient; rest here awhile, and we will send for Father Sebastian. Our children shall bring you some fruit."

The new comer threw himself upon the tumbled hay, and took note dreamily of the happy life by which he was surrounded.

#### CHAPTER III. TO THE SILVER ISLE COMES A NEW EVANGELINE WHOSE LIPS ARE ANIMATE.

A SOFT languor stole over his senses. He was in the state between sleeping and waking, when one is not sure whether he is in a living world or in a world of shadows. At such a time what is most extravagant is accepted as most probable; there is nothing to wonder at in the strangest contradictions. Reason sleeps; imagination reigns in its wildest forms. If the enchanted mortal lies in a darkened room, where palpable objects are shut from his sight, his mind is dominated by phantasms which have no prompting from what is passing around him. To the lover comes a sweet and gracious face, which represents the light and loveliness of the earth; to the miser, a suit of diamonds, in which he sits and gloats, while troops of gnomes empty sacks of gold at his feet; to the widowed heart a dear form, lost to her for ever, which says, with radiant smile, "I live;" to the poet, a star, which kisses him, and to which he talks as to a beloved comrade.

The new visitor to the Silver Isle lay under a different form of enchantment. The full sunlight was upon him, he was surrounded by breathing, moving life, and the shape in which it presented itself to him was inspired by his inner nature, a nature essentially dreamy and poetical. Gazing before him with half-closed eyes, every object that met his sight was invested with an air of delicious unreality. The clouds appeared to be thousands of miles away, and the human workers in the fields, with the landscape beyond, were wrapt in a hazy mist. The delusion extended to the voices of the reapers; words that were spoken within a few yards of him came to his ears now as though from

an illimitable distance, and now quite close, with a lullaby resembling the soft murmuring of a leafy wood. Colour and sound were in perfect harmony with the restfulness of time and scene. The dreamer yielded unresistingly to the sensuous spell, and believed himself to be enjoying a foretaste of eternity.

Thus he lay until the messenger who had been sent for Father Sebastian returned with the message that the magistrate was in the market-place, and desired to see the stranger there.

Unwillingly he rose, and followed the man over the lower slopes of the hills, which were dotted with clusters of pretty houses, built in various styles to suit the tastes of the residents. Every house was surrounded by a verandah, and was embosomed in a garden of flowers. The eye was refreshed at every turn by evidences of refinement and simplicity. The roads were well kept, the hedges were beautiful in their variety, being formed of may and wild roses, holly, sweet barbery, and privet; and the air was impregnated now with the sweet perfume of syringa floating from dusky avenues of trees, now with the more delicate fragrance wafted from distant fields of lavender.

"Mauvain was right," mused the stranger. "When a man is surfeited with the sweets or disgusted with the buffets of the world, this is the land to come to spin out what remains of the days of his life."

Father Sebastian was in the market-place; in a few days the autumn games were to be held, and men were working under his direction, fixing flags and poles and bushes, and preparing the ground for one of the great fêtes of the year.

"Yonder is Father Sebastian," said the messenger.

An old man, whose white hair flowed to his shoulders, advanced to the stranger and saluted him.

"I regret," he said, "you should have had the trouble to come to me, but I could not leave my workmen."

"The gain is mine," said the stranger; "it has given me the opportunity of seeing something of your beautiful isle; though I should have been content to dream the day away in the fields with your haymakers."

"We live a very practical life," said Father Sebastian; "our people are not dreamers. You come from Mauvain?"

"Yes. 'Harold,' said Mauvain to me, a short month ago, 'you are wearied with the world——'"

"You!" exclaimed Father Sebastian, interrupting the speaker, whose age could not have exceeded twenty-five years. "So young a man, already wearied with life!"

"It surprises you," replied Harold languidly; "but have you ever asked yourself whether there is anything in life worth caring for?"

"I am thankful to say I have never been brought to that pass."

"I have—many times. Life is made up of pleasure and pain, in neither of which is there much variety. One kind is much like another kind, and the sensations they produce are always the same. It is good that existence has a natural limit. In such a land as this a man might accept without much misgiving the gift of immortality, but in the busy world it would be an awful purgatory. 'Harold,' said Mauvain to me, 'you are wearied, exhausted; excitement has been bad for you. You need repose; I can offer it to you. I am in want of a friend to execute a delicate commission for me. I select you as that friend'—(it is Mauvain's way to take things for granted when he wants a favour done)—'I select you as that friend, and, in obliging me, you shall oblige yourself. You are for ever sighing and searching for simplicity; I will send you to an isle where its spirit dwells.' He explained the commission to me, and I accepted it. I must do Mauvain the justice to admit that his description of the Silver Isle was not strained. His eloquent words stirred even my sluggish blood."

"We hold Mauvain in high regard. Is he well—satisfied—happy?"

"He is well. As to being satisfied and happy—those are questions a man must answer for himself."

"You speak wisely. What is the nature of Mauvain's commission?"

"Its nature? Human. At least, one half of it is. The other half probably had its origin in the lower regions. You do not understand me? This letter may help you."

The letter he handed to Father Sebastian ran as follows:

"SIR,—By the hands of my friend, Harold, a scapegrace, whom I beg you to welcome, if not for his own sake, for mine, I send you a trust which I ask you to accept in kindly remembrance of one who owes you already a debt of gratitude he can never repay. By doing so you will confer upon me an inestimable obligation. I may one day come to thank you in per-

son for your kindness. Whatever expenses may be attendant upon the charge I confide to you can be defrayed out of the property standing in my name in the Silver Isle. Repay yourselves, I pray; but the obligation will remain, and will ever be gratefully remembered by your faithful friend,  
"MAUVAIN."

Father Sebastian read the letter aloud, and said:

"Mauvain's letter explains as little as your words the nature of his commission, but what he sends us will be received and welcomed, and will be faithfully cared for until it is reclaimed. The commission, so far as I can make out, is in the form of a consignment. Is that so?"

"It is so."

"Have you brought it ashore?"

"No; it is in the schooner."

"If you will bring it, we will receive it from your hands, and give you quittance for it."

A smile crossed Harold's lips. "I need no receipt. It can speak for itself."

As he turned to go, his eyes fell upon the statue of Evangeline, which stood in the centre of the market-place. He regarded it with languid interest.

"Have you sculptors in the isle?" he asked.

"We have men who employ their leisure in the study of the art," replied Father Sebastian, "but none able to produce such a figure as that."

"It is to be hoped not," said Harold with a contemptuous sneer, "for never was the human form so travestied. The composition of the figure is unutterably bad, the expression most vile, the limbs and features entirely out of proportion."

"Your critical judgment," said Father Sebastian warmly, "is sadly in error. The figure is faultless, and is full of grace; it is the work of a young sculptor in Mauvain's land——"

"Very young, I should say," interrupted Harold.

"And is most exquisite," continued Father Sebastian, "in composition and detail. It is not alone the work of a man's hand, it is the work of a man's soul, and were the artist here we should be proud to do him honour."

"In what way?" asked Harold listlessly. "Would you give him a wreath, or fill his ears with empty phrases? That is how genius is rewarded over the water. Or they wait until the man dies in poverty, and then they erect a statue over his grave. I hope the sculptor who moulded and cut

this figure, vile as it is, was substantially rewarded for it in his lifetime."

"Thirteen hundred ounces of silver was the price he was paid for his work."

"Little enough; I hope he got it. There is so much roguery in the world that one is never sure. Now I look at the figure more closely, I discern some merit in it. But if the sculptor ever thought he could attain perfection, he was a fool for his pains. Of course you know the name of the artist."

"We endeavoured," said Father Sebastian, "to obtain it from the captain who took the commission from us, but he said the sculptor stipulated that his name should not be mentioned."

"The modest fool!"

"Nay, eccentric, mayhap," said Father Sebastian, "but he did not desire entire obscurity. Here you see is an H cut in the marble."

"It might stand for Harold," said Mauvain's friend, "in which case Harold might stand for an idiot. But the day is waning. I must bring you Mauvain's charge before sundown."

He made his way at once to the schooner, and in due time returned with the cargo consigned by Mauvain to the inhabitants of the Silver Isle: a child scarcely three years of age, and a man, deformed and ungainly, not more than four feet in height. The child gazed about in delight, seeking what was beautiful, and prepared to enjoy it. The dwarf gazed about in distrust, seeking for what was hidden beneath the surface, and prepared to condemn it, unseen.

The islanders were but little prepared for such a consignment, and their looks expressed their astonishment. One half of the charge entrusted to them by Mauvain was of metal so attractive as from its own grace and beauty to ensure a welcome; of the other half not so much could be said.

"What kind of being is this?" thought the islanders, as the dwarf stood among them, peering this way and that.

"What kind of men and women are these?" thought the dwarf. "Like their fellows, I doubt not. Outsides fair, and hearts rotten."

Thus at once was engendered between them a feeling of repulsion.

"I told you," said Harold, who had observed, with an amused smile, the manner in which Mauvain's trust was received, "that the consignment could speak for itself. It is veritably human in shape. It cries when it is hurt, and laughs when it is tickled."

The mis-shapen dwarf took no apparent heed of Harold's words; he stood regarding the islanders with a frown upon his face.

"Well?" he questioned of Father Sebastian.

"What would you have, friend?" enquired Father Sebastian.

"Civility."

"We have spoken no word concerning you."

"Not with your tongues; but with your eyes. You received a letter from Mauvain. Has it not explained matters?"

"Not fully. To speak frankly——"

"Aye, do. It will be agreeable."

"We are surprised, and we would make sure."

"What surprises you?" sneered the dwarf. "My shape? It surprised me when I first understood it and compared it with other men's. And of what would you make sure? Whether this little maid and I come from Mauvain?"

"Yes, we would be assured of that."

"Leave my evidence out. Crooked body, crooked words. Speak you, sculptor Harold, and say whether we are here under false pretence or not."

"This man and this child," said Harold, "represent the delicate commission I was entrusted with, and promised to execute. Of one part of it I am glad to be rid; the other I could put up with a while longer. You seem not to be prepared for such a consignment. It will grieve Mauvain to the heart——"

"Eh?" interrupted the dwarf, "where will it grieve him?"

"To the heart," continued Harold, with imperturbable good-humour, "if he finds there is any difficulty."

"There shall be no difficulty," said Father Sebastian, after a short pause. "Leave this singularly assorted pair. We are content."

"Not so am I," exclaimed the dwarf: "there is something more to be said. The little maid is in my care. Learn for yourselves whether the association is pleasing to her." He dropped the pretty hand he had held in his, and he stepped back a few paces from the child. She looked at him enquiringly, then ran towards him, and with a confiding motion placed her arms round his neck. He smoothed her hair, and gently patted her

cheek. "We do not stay here without a fair and honest welcome."

"How shall we call you, friend?"

"As others call me. Ranf."

"We are not desirous of harbouring any that are not of our kith and kin; but Mauvain has a claim upon us, which we are glad to recognise. You are free of the Silver Isle, you and your little maid. We give you both honest welcome. Are you content now?"

"Aye—as far as my nature goes."

Father Sebastian stooped and kissed the child. "What is your name, pretty one?"

"Evangeline."

The reply excited a strange feeling of interest. No other female in the isle had borne the name since the death of that Evangeline whose statue adorned the market-place.

The child smiled; her smile was like sunlight. Short light-brown curls hung down to her shoulders. Her brown eyes looked innocently into theirs. No hard task to welcome such a visitor; already had the new Evangeline won the hearts of the islanders.

Father Sebastian turned to Ranf, with a sudden thought in his mind, and said:

"I perceive no likeness between you and this little maid."

"Why should there be? Ah! I see your thought. But it will not stand the test of reason."

"Is the child an orphan, then, seeing that she is here unattended by blood kith or kin?"

"Accept her as such," replied Ranf.

"The more likely are you to be bound to her by ties of affection, if they happen to grow between you; the more likely is she to be bound to you in the same way. Say to Mauvain," he continued, addressing Harold, "that we are content to stay upon this isle, and that we are as glad to be quit of you as you are to be quit of me."

"Your message shall be delivered," said Harold gaily, "word for word. Princess of the Silver Isle, I kiss your fairy fingers."

He waved his hand to Father Sebastian in token of adieu, and turned towards the shore, where his boat was waiting for him. Before midnight the schooner, gliding through the luminous track of moonlight on the sea, disappeared from the sight of the islanders.



a  
 ay  
 at  
 re  
 of  
 l  
 e  
 e  
 "e  
 f  
 l  
 t  
 e  
 e  
 f  
 l  
 e  
 e  
 2  
 e



TERED AT.]

PRICE LIST OF THE

[STATIONERS' HALL,

# PUBLIC SUPPLY STORE FOR

Gentlemen's and Youths' Real West of England

## CLOTHING at TRADE PRICE

271 & 272 HIGH HOLBORN NEXT DOOR TO INNS OF COURT HOTEL

PROPRIETORS & MANUFACTURERS ESTABLISHED 1864.

YOU  
SAVE  
at  
least  
25  
PER  
CENT  
at this  
SUPPLY  
STORE

### CHAS BAKER & CO. PY

CAUTION - Our Firm is not connected with any other concern in Holborn, or any part of the City.

LONDON DEPOT for Real West of England Clothing direct from the Factory



271 & 272, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.  
NEXT DOOR TO THE "INNS OF COURT" HOTEL.

NOTICE - THE REASON FOR SUPPLYING OUR GOODS TO THE PUBLIC DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY AT TRADE PRICE IS TO MEET FACE WITH CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

No Fictitious registered or Unregistered Charges.

NOTICE - ALL GOODS NOT APPROVED AND AT ONCE EXCHANGED OR THE MONEY RETURNED UNLESS THE CUSTOMER PROVES, AND WE GUARANTEE NO COUNTERFEIT THAT IS NOT COMPLETELY SATISFACTORY.

This Rule also applies to Goods made by India.

## FOR LIST OF PRICES

SEE  
OTHER SIDE

Hours of Business, 9 till 8 - Saturdays open till Ten p.m.

# SAVE AT LEAST 25 PER CENT.

## CLOTHING AT TRADE PRICE.

### PUBLIC SUPPLY STORE,

271 & 272, HIGH HOLBORN, (Next Door to Inns of Court Hotel.)

### Proprietors, CHAS. BAKER & CO.,

West of England Manufacturers.

(Established 1861.)

**RULES.** { 1st.—All GOODS to be paid for in Cash before they are removed from the Store.  
2nd.—No TICKETS required, and no Extra Charge whatever is made on Wholesale trade Price Marked in Plain Figures on each Garment.  
3rd.—ALL GOODS NOT APPROVED are exchanged or the Cash returned at the customer desires; if made to order it makes no difference in this respect.

Cloth Trousers (very durable) ...	4/11	5/11	6/11	7/11	8/11	10/9
Trousers and Vest (very durable) ...	12/11	14/11	16/11	18/11	19/11	
Business Suits, complete (very durable) ...	18/11	21/-	25/-	29/6	35/-	
Gentlemen's Serge Suits, Indigo Dye, complete ...	21/-	29/6	37/6			
Morning or Business Coats, superior Cloth ...	12/11	14/11	16/11	19/11		
Morning Coat and Vest, superior Black Diagonal Cloth ...	29/6	35/-	39/6			
Super Black Frock and Morning Coats, either Plain or Diagonal ...	19/11	25/-	29/6			
Vests only, superfine Black Cloth, plain or Diagonal ...	4/11	5/11	6/11			
Black Trousers, very superior make ...	8/11	10/9	12/11	14/11		

Black Cloth Garments are manufactured from celebrated West of England Broad Cloth and Doestina.

### BLACK AND MOURNING DEPARTMENT.

Super Black Cloth Suit, consisting of Frock Coat, Vest, and Trousers ready made for immediate wear, well cut, trimmed and lined 34/9, complete. No extras.

An extensive Stock of superior Black Cloth Garments kept ready made for immediate wear, or can be made to measure on the premises at short notice and low prices. Youths' and Juvenile Clothing equally cheap.

### ALL OVERCOATS MADE IN SUMMER OR WINTER CLOTHS AT SAME PRICES.

Gentlemen's Diagonal Overcoats, all Wool ...	16/11	19/11
Superior Cloth and best Lining, warm and durable ...	21/-	24/6
Very superior and extra quality Linings ...	29/6	
Blue and Black Nap Overcoats, warm and durable ...	16/11	19/11
Very Superior Nap and Beaver, extra quality Linings ...	24/6	29/6
Youths' New Chesterfield Overcoats ...	8/11	10/9
	12/11	14/11
	16/11	

All our good quality Nap and Beaver Overcoats are warranted Fast Colour Indigo Dye.

Trousers to measure, from All-Wool, Scotch Cheviots, West of England Tweeds, Homespuns, &c., warranted shrunk, and very durable ... 10/- 12/6 14/11

Suits complete to measure, from All-Wool Scotch Cheviots, Real West of England Tweeds, Blue Serge (Indigo dye) Homespuns, &c., warranted shrunk, and very durable, well made, and fashionably cut, lined with Silk, Italian, & good Trimmings. No extras 39/6 44/6 49/6 54/6 59/6

These prices are for Jacket Shape Suits. If required with Morning Coats, Tweeds, 4s. and Diagonals 7s. 6d. more per Suit.

Morning or Business Coat and Vest to measure, well and fashionably made, from superior All-Wool, Diagonal, or plain Black Broad Cloth, lined with Silk Italian, and bound with real Mohair Braid... 35/- 39/6 49/6

Frock or Dress Coats to measure, very superior, from real West of England Black Broad Cloth, thoroughly well made and trimmed, lined with Silk Italian. No extras ... 34/6 39/6 44/6 49/6

Vests to measure, to match Frock or Dress Coats ... 8/6 9/11 12/6

Overcoats to measure, from superior Diagonal and other fashionable cloths, warranted shrunk and thoroughly well made, lined ... 29/6 39/6 49/6

First-class Cutters being always employed on the premises a good fit, style, &c., can be relied on, the Firm's aim being to supply well-made, durable, and fashionable garments, rather than cheap, inferior articles. Patterns of Cloth, Price Lists, Fashion Plates, and Self-measurement Form Post Free.

Dark useful Knickerbocker Suits, complete ...	1/11	2/6	2/11
" Durable Cloth, Braided ...	3/11	4/11	5/11
" Superior Cloth, Richly Braided ...	10/9	12/11	14/11
Blue Serge Sailor Suits, complete ...	3/6	3/11	4/11
" Superior Fine Serge, richly Braided ...	11/9	12/11	14/11
Boys' Velvet Suits, newest styles ...	12/11	18/11	24/6
Youths' Durable Trouser Suits, 7 to 10 years ...	10/9	12/11	14/11
" " " 14 to 18 years ...	15/9	18/11	24/6
Youths' Serge Trouser Suits, Indigo Dye, complete ...	14/11	16/11	19/11
Youths' Ulsters and Chesterfield Overcoats ...	6/11	8/11	10/9
Youths' Trousers, very durable, well made and Lined ...	3/11	4/11	5/11
Odd Knickers made from Remnants of Cloth, very cheap and durable ...	1/11	2/11	3/11

THE PUBLIC SUPPLY STORE, 271 & 272, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C. CLOTHING AT TRADE PRICE.



ENT.

CE.

ORE,

of Court Hotel,

CO.,

from the Store.

made on Whole-

turned as the

respect.

3 11 100  
3 11 19/11  
9 6 35/-  
9 6 37/6  
11 19/11  
5/- 39/6  
5/- 29/6  
11 6/11  
11 14/11  
and Doeskins.

le for imme-

er can be made

qually cheap.

and 19/11  
and 24/6  
9 6 19/11  
and 29/6  
and 16/11  
Dye.

2/6 14/11

54/6 59/6  
and Diagonals

9 6 49/6

4/6 49/6  
11 12/6

9 6 49/6  
n, the Firm's  
rior articles.  
Free.

2 6 2/11  
7 11 8/11  
11 24/6  
7 11 8/11  
11 16/11  
11 24/6  
11 24/6  
4 6 29/6  
11 19/11  
3 11 21/-  
11 6/11  
11 3/11

PRICE





THE MOST SUCCESSFUL BOOK OF THE SEASON.

The Fourth Edition of 2,000 Copies

IS NOW READY OF

## PARIS HERSELF AGAIN.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

WITH 400 ILLUSTRATIONS BY NOTABLE FRENCH ARTISTS.

2 Vols., demy 8vo, handsomely bound, 25s.

The following are extracted from the many favourable notices which have appeared of the above work :—

The author's "round-about" chapters are as animated as they are varied and sympathetic for few Englishmen have the French *verve* like Mr. Sala, or so light a touch on congenial subjects. He has stores of out-of-the-way information, a very many-sided gift of appreciation, with a singularly tenacious memory, and on subjects like those in his present volumes he is at his best.—*The Times*.

The book is thoroughly individual; no one alive could have written it except Mr. Sala himself. It contains a great deal of good sense, a great deal that is picturesque and novel, a great deal that is useful, and a great deal that is interesting and amusing, and is very well worth reading indeed. The many Engravings add greatly to the interest of the book, and their introduction was a happy thought.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Paris Herself Again" furnishes a happy illustration of the attractiveness of Mr. Sala's style and the fertility of his resources. For those who do and those who do not know Paris these volumes contain a fund of instruction and amusement which can be "drawn" at almost any page with the certainty of a "find."—*Saturday Review*.

Most amusing letters they are, with clever little pictures scattered so profusely through the two solid volumes that it would be difficult to prick the edges with a pin at any point without coming upon one or more. Few writers can rival Mr. Sala's fertility of illustration and ever ready command of lively comment.—*Daily News*.

"Paris Herself Again" is infinitely more amusing than most novels. There is no style so chatty and so unwearying as that of which Mr. Sala is a master.—*The World*.

The manners and habits of Parisian social life, with that of French people and that of their foreign visitors, have never been portrayed with a more intense appreciation of their diverting aspect, and seldom by any English author with more genuine and abundant knowledge.—*Illustrated London News*.

The humours of the capital of the Third Republic are well represented in "Paris Herself Again."—*The Athenæum*.

This book is one of the most readable that has appeared for many a day. Few Englishmen know so much of old and modern Paris as Mr. Sala. Endowed with a facility to extract humour from every phase of the world's stage, and blessed with a wondrous store of recondite lore, he outdoes himself when he deals with a city like Paris that he knows so well, and that affords such an opportunity for his pen.—*Truth*.

The sketches of life in all parts of Paris come with inimitable ease of truthful vigour from one who is peculiarly qualified to handle his subject. To an intimate knowledge of the people among whom great part of his life has been passed, and to a microscopic study of their characteristics, Mr. Sala brings a gift of verbal description which enables him to paint French ways, French habits, almost French thought, with a vivacity unapproached by any other living writer.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Men, manners, and things are hit off with a happy grace and humour of touch peculiarly the author's own.—*The Graphic*.

---

## PARIS HERSELF AGAIN

Can now be obtained of every Bookseller and at every Circulating Library in the Kingdom.

REMINGTON & CO., 5, Arundel Street, Strand.





## POPULAR FRENCH NOVELS

AT ONE SHILLING PER VOLUME.

---

LONDON MANAGERS run eagerly after the Plays of modern French Dramatists, and produce them with much success at our principal Theatres, whereas London Publishers rarely venture upon issuing Translations of new French Novels. Yet the latter are equally good with the former, which indeed they commonly suggest. To test whether English novel readers, unacquainted with the French language, are not as appreciative of clever works of fiction as English playgoers are of clever dramas and *operas bouffes*, it is proposed to publish Translations of some of the best and newest French Novels, selecting of course only those of an unobjectionable character. They will be issued in post 8vo form, well printed in type of a good size, at the price of One Shilling per Volume, and each Volume will usually comprise a complete Work.

---

*Three Sample Volumes will be published early in February, comprising—*

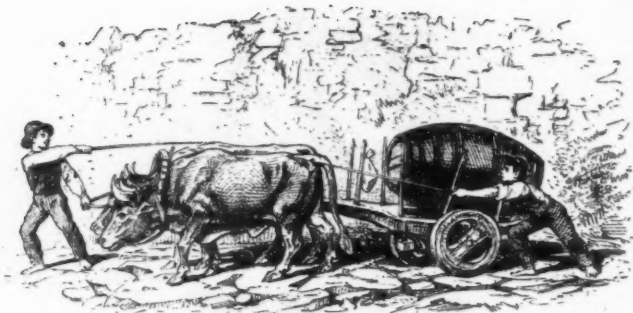
**Froment the younger and Risler the elder, by  
Alphonse Daudet.**

**The Chantilly Express, by Jules Claretie.**

**Samuel Brohl and Partner, by Victor Cherbuliez.**

---

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 10, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.



Mr. Vizetelly discourses brightly and discriminatingly on crus and bouquets and the different European vineyards, most of which he has evidently visited.—TIMES.

**MR. HENRY VIZETELLY'S POPULAR BOOKS ON WINE.**

*JUST PUBLISHED,*

*Price 1s. 6d., Ornamental Cover; or 2s. 6d. in elegant Cloth Binding.*

## **FACTS ABOUT PORT AND MADEIRA,**

WITH NOTES ON THE WINES VINTAGED AROUND LISBON,  
AND THE WINES OF TENERIFFE,

GLEANED DURING A TOUR IN THE AUTUMN OF 1877.

By **HENRY VIZETELLY,**

Wine Juror for Great Britain at the Vienna and Paris Exhibitions of 1873 and 1878.

With 100 Illustrations from Original Sketches and Photographs.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

*Price 1s. 6d., Ornamental Cover; or 2s. 6d. in elegant Cloth Binding.*

## **FACTS ABOUT CHAMPAGNE,**

AND OTHER SPARKLING WINES,

COLLECTED DURING NUMEROUS VISITS TO THE CHAMPAGNE AND OTHER VITICULTURAL DISTRICTS  
OF FRANCE, AND THE PRINCIPAL REMAINING WINE-PRODUCING COUNTRIES OF EUROPE.

Illustrated with 112 Engravings.

*Price 1s., Ornamental Cover; or 1s. 6d., Cloth Gilt.*

## **FACTS ABOUT SHERRY,**

GLEANED IN SPANISH VINEYARDS AND BODEGAS.

Illustrated with numerous Engravings from Original Sketches.

*Price 1s., Ornamental Cover; or 1s. 6d., Cloth Gilt.*

## **THE WINES OF THE WORLD,** CHARACTERISED AND CLASSED.

*IN PREPARATION.*

## **FACTS ABOUT CLARET & BURGUNDY.**

Illustrated with 100 Engravings.

## **FACTS ABOUT HOCK AND MOSELLE.**

With numerous Illustrations.

LONDON: WARD, LOCK, & CO., SALISBURY SQUARE.







# IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

TRADE



MARK.

## CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

**MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,**

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

**EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION**

**AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,**

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE, A

**PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD AND SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.**

**I**NDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations; amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pain in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels; in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require sometime to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated

without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems—nothing can more speedily, or with more certainty, effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and

which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine, must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

**NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS** are prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstances, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observation of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all Tonic Medicines. By the word tonic is meant a medicine

which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body, which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effect in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick-rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinion of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid; we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production; if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by

their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the bur-

den thus imposed upon it, that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should immediately be sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found—no, none which will perform the task with greater certainty, than **NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS**. And let it be observed, that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted, and it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted that, by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles; and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price 13½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or PILLS equal to fourteen ounces of CAMOMILE FLOWERS.

Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

Be particular to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION!!!

## GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS

IS strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying, and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c., and by its Balsamic and Healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful.

Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d., by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

## STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS FOR CHILDREN CUTTING TEETH.

THE value of this Medicine has been largely tested in all parts of the world and by all grades of society for upwards of fifty years.

Its extensive sale has induced spurious imitations, in some of which the outside Label and the coloured Paper enclosing the Packet of Powders so closely resemble the Original as to have deceived many Purchasers. The Proprietor therefore feels it due to the Public to give a special caution against such imitations.

All purchasers are therefore requested carefully to observe that the words "JOHN STEEDMAN, Chemist, Walworth, Surrey," are engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to each Packet, in White Letters on a Red Ground, without which none are genuine. The name STEEDMAN is spelt with *two EE's*.

Prepared ONLY at Walworth, Surrey, and  
Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors,  
in Packets, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.



11

RS

d Pre-  
arance.  
alsamic  
ryness,  
ing its  
h, and

cine

RS

world

which  
ket of  
y Pur-  
pecial

words  
re en-  
tters  
name

and  
ors,



# SYMINGTON'S

PATENT HIGH-PRESSURE  
STEAM-PREPARED.

# PEA FLOUR

For Soups, &c., in 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d. Packets;  
and 1s., 1s. 6d., and 3s. Tins.

PEA SOUP, Seasoned and Flavoured, in 1d., 2d., and 6d. Packets; and 1s. Tins.

EGYPTIAN FOOD. This Food is a preparation of **Finest Egyptian Lentils**, and other Nutritious Substances, used extensively in preference to any other at **SMEDLEY'S** Hydropathic Establishment, Matlock Bank, Derbyshire. For Invalids and Persons of Weak Digestion, or for Children, it is invaluable. In Tins, 1s. per lb.

ARABS' COFFEE, in Oblong Tins, 1lb.,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and  $\frac{1}{4}$ lb., 2s. per lb.

PATENT COFFEES, in Tins, 1lb.,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and  $\frac{1}{4}$ lb., 1s., 1s. 4d., and 1s. 6d. per lb.

**W. SYMINGTON & CO., Bowden Steam Mills, Market Harborough.**

RETAIL—16, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

*Sold by all Grocers.*

GOLD MEDAL,



PARIS, 1878.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S**

CELEBRATED

**STEEL PENS.**

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Every Packet bears the *fac-simile*  
Signature,

*J. S. Gillott*

TRADE

**ELECTRICITY IS LIFE**

MARK.

## PULVERMACHER'S IMPROVED PATENT CALVANIC CHAIN BANDS, BELTS, & BATTERIES

A self-applicable curative, perfectly harmless, and vastly superior to other remedies.

Though externally applied it has an internal action, physiologically, physically, and chemically upon the system, assisting nature to re-establish the normal balance of health and vigour, as witness the remarkable cures daily effected in cases of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, GOUT, DEAFNESS, HEAD AND TOOTH ACHES, PARALYSIS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, and Functional Derangements, &c., by means of PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC APPLIANCES, when all other remedies have failed.

A few of the daily increasing number of testimonials communicated by grateful patients are reproduced in the pamphlet "Galvanism, Nature's Chief Restorer of Impaired Vital Energy," post free on application to

**J. L. Pulvermacher's Galvanic Establishment, 194, Regent Street, London, W.**

# MR. G. H. JONES

Surgeon-Dentist, 57, Great Russell St., London (Immediately opposite the British Museum),

WILL BE GLAD TO FORWARD HIS

**NEW PAMPHLET GRATIS AND POST FREE.**

It explains the only perfectly painless system of adapting Artificial Teeth which has obtained the Prize Medals of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Philadelphia, and New York. These teeth are adjusted on Celluloid, Thionite, Gold, Platina, &c., by Mr. G. H. Jones, on his perfected system, which is protected by HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

*The Daily Telegraph*, Aug. 23, 1878, says:—Celluloid is the most life-like imitation of the natural gums, and with Prize Medal Teeth is incomparable.

NITROUS OXIDE, ETHER SPRAY, AND ALL THE MOST RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN DENTAL SURGERY ARE IN DAILY USE. CONSULTATION FREE.

**TESTIMONIAL.**—Jan. 27, 1877. My DEAR SIR,—Allow me to express my sincere thanks for the skill and attention displayed in the construction of my Artificial Teeth, which render my mastication and articulation excellent. I am glad to hear that you have obtained Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent to protect what I consider the perfection of Painless Dentistry. In recognition of your valuable services, you are at liberty to use my name. S. G. HUTCHINS,

G. H. Jones, Esq.

By appointment Surgeon-Dentist to the Queen.

THE GUINEA CABINET OF DENTAL PREPARATIONS for cleansing and preserving the Teeth and Gums, in cut glass stoppered bottles and handsome gilt mounted Leather Toilet Case, with lock and key. Forwarded direct on receipt of P. O. O., or may be ordered through any Chemist or Perfumer. Wholesale: BARCLAY & SONS, Farringdon St., London.

# DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

WHAT IS IT?

*A Handy Guide to Domestic Medicine. Every Household should possess a Copy.*

## DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

All Invalids should read the Chapter on the Functions of Digestion, showing by what process food is converted into blood—How blood sustains the whole system—How nervous power influences all the bodily organs to perform their allotted functions—Principles of life and death unfolded—Dying seldom accompanied with pain—Mental vision amplified prior to the death of the body—Immortality of the intelligent principle.

## DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

The Nervous, the Dyspeptic, or the Hypochondriac, should read the Chapter on the Origin of all Diseases from depression of nervous or vital power—How explained—Producing or exciting causes of nervous depression—Effects of the mind on the body—Effects of excessive joy—Anger—Grief and suspense—Sudden surprise and fright—Hard study—Hot relaxing fluids—Intemperance in eating and drinking—Spirituous liquors—Loss of blood—Impure air.

## DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

Read the Chapter on the Destructive Practice of Bleeding, illustrated by the cases of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Madame Malbran, Count Cavour, General "Stanewall" Jackson, and other public characters.

## DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

All who wish to preserve health, and thus prolong life, should read DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET, or HANDY GUIDE TO DOMESTIC MEDICINE, which can be had gratis from any Chemist, or post free from Dr. Rooke, Scarborough. Concerning this book, the late eminent author, Sheridan Knowles, observed: "It will be an inestimable boon to every person who can read and think."

## DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

A clergyman, writing to Dr. Rooke, under date July 5th, 1874, speaking of the "ANTI-LANCET," says: "Of its style and matter I can judge, for I have been an author on other themes for thirty years. None but a master-mind among men could have conceived or written your Introduction. It is the most perfect delineation I ever read of the human frame, and the links between the material fabric and the spiritual union of body and soul."

## DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET,

or, HANDY GUIDE TO DOMESTIC MEDICINE, can be had gratis of all Chemists, or post free from Dr. Rooke, Scarborough, England.

## DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

Ask your Chemist for a copy (gratis) of the last edition, containing 172 pages.

# CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR.

OPIATES, NARCOTICS, and SQUILLS are too often invoked to give relief in COUGHS, COLDS, and all PULMONARY DISEASES. Instead of such fallacious remedies, which yield momentary relief at the expense of enfeebling the digestive organs, and thus increasing that debility which lies at the root of the malady, modern science points to CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR as the true remedy.

## DR. ROOKE'S TESTIMONIAL.

DR. ROOKE, Scarborough, author of the "Anti-Lancet," says:—

"I have repeatedly observed how very rapidly and invariably it subdued Cough, Pain, and Irritation of the Chest in cases of Pulmonary Consumption;

"and I can, with the greatest confidence, recommend it as a most valuable adjunct to an other-wise strengthening treatment for this disease."

This medicine, which is free from opium and squills, not only allays the local irritation, but improves digestion and strengthens the constitution. Hence it is used with the most signal success in

ASTHMA,  
BRONCHITIS,

CONSUMPTION,  
COUGHS,

INFLUENZA,  
QUINSY,

CONSUMPTIVE NIGHT SWEATS,  
And all affections of the Throat and Chest.

Sold in Bottles, at 1s. 9d., 4s., and 11s. each, by all respectable Chemists, and wholesale by JAMES M. CROSBY, Chemist, Scarborough, England.

\* Invalids should read Crosby's Prize Treatise on "DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND AIR-VESSELS," a copy of which can be had GRATIS of all Chemists.